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THE FIGHTING IN RHODESIA: PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK BRINGING REINFORCEMENTS TO THE IMPERIAL TROOPS AT THE SIEGE OF WEDZA'S STRONGHOLD.

Drawn by Mr. Melton Prior from a Sketch by a Correspondent.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

His Beatitude the new Armenian Patriarch may, perhaps, be congratulated on having delivered the most fulsome address to his Sovereign that was ever composed by an ecclesiastic—which is saying a good deal. If the Great Assassin had been Edward VI. he could hardly have buttered him with greater unction. The Armenian nation, its spokesman tells his Majesty, attaches itself to the imperial throne as "its surest refuge, and will doubtless reap the benefit of complete prosperity under the auspices of one who has ever shown his great solicitude for it." One is not surprised to hear that his Majesty was "well satisfied with the sentiments thus expressed," but doubts whether it will be shared by the Armenian nation. If these are the views of a Patriarch, they may well say, "Give those of babes and sucklings." His Beatitude has, it is stated, been long better known than trusted, and is, in short, a time-server; but it is curious how prone persons of the ecclesiastical profession in all ages have been to flatter their Sovereign, no matter how contemptible might be his character. Even Jeremy Taylor was not exempt from this weakness. It is probable this has had its influence in those religions which paint the Creator as a ruthless tyrant, bent on condemning His creatures to everlasting misery, whom their priests address as "Merciful Father."

When George III. came to the throne, one of his first acts was to issue an order prohibiting any of the clergy who should preach before him from paying him compliments in their sermons. This was especially aimed at a certain prebendary of Westminster, who had in his discourse before him indulged in fulsome adulation. Instead of thanks, the King gave him the information "that he came to church to hear the praises of God and not his own." The prebendary (Dr. Thomas Wilson) revenged himself by going, as it were, into the other extreme, for he became a partisan of Wilkes, and put up a marble statue in his church at Walbrook to Mrs. Macaulay, the Republican historian: a striking example of the shallow foundations on which the flattery of the Great is built.

One may have the highest admiration for Mr. and Mrs. Browning without sympathising with the recent attempt to commemorate their golden wedding. To keep an eminent person's birthday or his deathday is natural enough; even to keep the day on which he was confirmed or vaccinated would, at least, have fact for its foundation; but to commemorate a circumstance in his existence which never occurred strikes one as—well, Hibernian. From what ridiculous positions would the saving grace of humour—even a pinch of it—preserve the most respectable Societies! The thing is to be more lamented since the union of the Brownings was an ideal and almost unique one. Poets, and, indeed, authors of all kinds, are said to make but indifferent husbands, and literary women worse wives. Even the examples that are quoted to the contrary are not encouraging. Of his wife Calphurnia the younger Pliny writes: "Her affection for me has given her a turn for books; and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands." His compositions! It is no wonder he thought well of her, but it seems injudicious of him to have given his reasons. A wife that gets her husband's works by heart must be an angel, or else most uncommonly artful. One cannot but have one's suspicions of such a paragon. Calphurnia used to tell Pliny jun. that when he recited his works in public, she was always "behind some curtain, consumed with secret rapture"; but all he knew for certain was that she was not among the audience. This lady was not herself an author. It is there that the crux of literary marriages occurs. Daudet (I think it is) has a dreadful story of domestic jealousy from this cause. Such unions happen very seldom, much more seldom, indeed, than one would expect, considering the attraction of common pursuits and tastes; and perhaps this is fortunate, for considerable literary talent may exist in little minds. Genius, however, has no such jaundiced eyes. It may be said that though Lewes and George Eliot lived in great harmony together, it proves nothing, since the inequality between them was so great. But this was not the case between the Brownings: their life seems to have wanted nothing in the way of mutual esteem and admiration. If they had ever had a golden wedding it would doubtless have been of pure gold; but they didn't happen to have one.

Was it a comfort to the Anti-Gambling Society, one wonders, that a gentleman got off the payment of his obligations the other day on the ground that they were gambling debts? It could not have been unalloyed, because he ought to have suffered for having speculated at all. Still, it must have been "soothing" to them, as a modern moralist has expressed it, that the other man lost his money. Whether public feeling on such a question has altered, one rather doubts. The general opinion is that it is rather a low excuse for evading our liabilities—lower a good deal than that of "minority," pleaded by an infant of twenty; but there is no doubt that the law has changed its

views about it. I think it was in Lord Campbell's time that it was laid down that no bet could be recovered by action. This has deprived the frequenters of the courts of a good deal of amusement, though not perhaps of edification. Lord Mansfield seems to have had a fancy for trying these matters. He pronounced—wrongly as it turned out—that the Chevalier d'Eon was a woman, "whereby," says the *Annual Register*, "no less than £75,000 (in bets) remained in this country which would otherwise have been transmitted to Paris." Another case before him was that of the two sons of peers who had wagered upon which of their fathers should die first. It sounds disrespectful, though it would in some degree depend upon which they backed. Each might have had a hopeful confidence in the longevity of his sire, whereas—but the alternative is too painful to contemplate.

The "national weapon" of this country has been described by a humorist as an umbrella, and it is certainly an article we hold in high estimation. The character of one's acquaintances might be discovered by their umbrellas at least as well as by their handwritings. The little tight-folding ones, the flapping ones that cannot be folded, the alpacas, the gingham, have each some indication of it, as also have their handles, whether nob's in silver or agate, or crooks of wood; when a little plate is added with the name and address of the owner it is especially significant: it denotes good principles, for wherever an Englishman goes his umbrella goes, and there is always the risk of his forgetting it. An ingenious device of a professor of mnemonics was to teach his pupils to say "Good-bye, umbrella," on taking leave of anybody: it must have astonished their host, but it preserved their property. Ladies, who love their umbrellas dearly, are nevertheless constantly losing them. A lady left one the other day—a very peculiar one, with a bird's head on it—in a shop, and within a quarter of an hour another lady customer recognised it as her property and carried it off in triumph. Of course, this was not to be endured, and a London magistrate—the only adviser whose gratuitous opinion when sought is followed—was invoked upon the matter. Both ladies swore to the identity of their umbrellas, and produced copies of the bills showing where they had purchased them. Of the good faith of both there could be no doubt; as his Worship said, there had not been a more difficult case since Solomon threatened to halve the baby. If a dog had been in dispute he would, of course, have left it to the animal to decide the question; but in return for no amount of affection—"cuddling," by the bye, was one of the forms of endearment admittedly lavished on it—can an umbrella be induced to jump out of its skin, or open, like a flower, at the smile of its legal mistress.

Umbrellas, as might have been expected, have had their "ups and downs," been much despised and greatly appreciated, and no one exactly knows when they were first introduced in England. That umbrellas of some sort were known to the Anglo-Saxons is certain, for though learned persons are disagreed about the word "seur-scead," which has been translated "shower-shade," there is in the Harleian MSS. a figure holding an unmistakable umbrella over another's head. Some time after its recognised adoption here, it was, however, looked upon as a mark of effeminacy. In the *Female Tatler* there is the following advertisement: "The young man belonging to the Custom House that for fear of rain borrowed the umbrella at Will's Coffee-house of the mistress, is hereby advertised that to be dry from head to foot on the like occasion, he shall be welcome to the maid's patters." Persons who suffered from rheumatism were not much likely to be influenced by satire of this kind, and the acclimatisation of the umbrella has long been complete. Without that protecting friend good men in rainy weather have been driven to strange shelters, and the wicked to church. "Those who come only when it suits them to hear the Word," said Spurgeon on one occasion, "I call Umbrella Christians." This object is often exchanged for a similar (though better) one, but always in the absence of the latter's owner, with one exception. Mathews the elder, like his son, was always well dressed and carried a handsome umbrella. Munden, on the contrary, who was miserly, used an old cotton one. After he had left the stage Mathews met him one day in Covent Garden, and addressed him effusively, "I wish, old fellow, you'd let me have something of you as a remembrance." "Certainly, my dear friend," returned Munden with great presence of mind, "we'll exchange umbrellas," and he did so with much dexterity.

A justly popular artist in black and white has been giving us his experiences of the difficulties which even a man of genius has sometimes to surmount. There was a time, he says, when "he begged the broken biscuit at public-houses, and quenched his thirst at the street fountains," when he slept in the Park or on the Embankment, and on one occasion "persuaded a child to part with some of his bread and bacon in exchange for his walking-stick." These things, as we all know, have been of benefit to him, just as the great advantage of a classical education is said to be its teaching us to educate ourselves, though from that experience success does not, as in our artist's case, always result. I have only known one instance of similar low beginnings in literature. When a

youthful editor, I received so graphic an account of a night spent in the Thames Tunnel, written by one who had not twopenny to spend on the accommodation that is afforded by a common lodging-house, that I could not refrain from asking him by letter, and with suitable apologies, whether such was the real state of his finances. He wrote back "Yes," and in so straightforward a manner as convinced me of his integrity as well as of his intelligence. I had the good fortune to have the opportunity to recommend him to a vacant post on a daily paper conducted by the ablest editor of the day. Within three months he received £200 a year for his services, and instantly married on it. This habit of precipitancy may have accounted for a good deal of his previous misfortunes, but he had another failing (very likely, poor fellow, induced by privation)—namely, opium-eating. Through this misfortune he after a while lost his place, which he had otherwise filled with great approval. I lost sight of him for years, and felt that he had "gone under" irrevocably, yet in a few years I received a book of his, published anonymously—a description of life among the London poor, professedly written by a Scripture-reader—which had a great and deserved success. Though he eventually died in poverty, he made a considerable name for himself, and nobly redeemed his past—the most striking example of the "never-too-late-to-mend" theory that has ever come under my observation.

Amid a rain of novels, neurotic, hypnotic, and melodramatic, to come upon a story of wholesome life among the northern hills is almost like finding shelter. When the author is a new one—has positively no other works to cite upon his title-page—one has hopes, too, of a certain freshness that is generally to be found in a first book. Add that there is not a person of title in the whole narrative, and it must be admitted that there is unusual promise in it. All these advantages are concentrated in "The Borderer," by Adam Lilburn, whom one suspects, however, from the acquaintance with female character that is displayed, to be an Eve. Farmer Riddell and his two sons, Paul and Will, are vigorously drawn: the elder of the two brothers, a strong religious character, the younger, a ne'er-do-well, are both in love with their cousin Mary. Will is the more superficially attractive, enjoys the same sort of popularity, and is instinct with the same selfish egotism, as men of his type of a higher class. His views of women are not unknown in the best circles—

In Will's opinion, May's attitude of adoration was a natural and proper one. The very shyness and sensitiveness of her nature, and her shrinking from self-assertion, commended her greatly to this egoist.

In her beautiful eyes he read exactly what he wished to read—namely, a flattering reflection of himself. That was as it should be! Women were made for the delight of men. They were but the satellites of planets possessing magnitude and brilliancy.

Her own character interested him not a whit. She was as an unread book in the hands of one already satisfied with the cover, the gilding, the ornamentation; one who does not care to cut the pages and make himself the master of the contents. But the outside of the book was charming, and he dreamt of it all that sunny day on the hill-side.

About girls who could be captured and betrayed this rustic gay Lothario gave himself even less concern—

There was no triumph in a facile victory. She had been so determined to believe in him, so blind to the fact that he was moved by nothing higher than a mere animal impulse. And women never could understand when a thing was over.

The difference between the men of Arcadia and of Burlington Arcadia is but slight. Otherwise the story has no trace of the town about it. We are among the meadows and the sweet-breathing kine, the mountains and the docile yet unreasoning sheep. These last and their simple yet inexplicable ways are admirably described—

Quite suddenly the whole summit grew alive with dusky forms—a besieging army that had crept up and stormed the heights. Pushing, crowding, stopping to reconnoitre, then timidly advancing again, came the intruders upon Paul's solitude. They appeared to experience some alarm when they came upon his prostrate figure, and as he rose to his feet they stopped and gave out a faint bleating noise. These creatures have a somewhat singular habit of climbing at sundown to any high ground that may happen to adjoin their feeding-place. It is as though they were moved by some ambition to attain an outlook into a larger world before settling down contentedly for the night. Their dim, rounded forms now moved stealthily about among the crags, and the place was filled with the faint musky odour of their fleeces.

The dramatic interest is on the same high level as the descriptions. How Paul falls from his high ideals, and Will gravitates to the lowest depths; how May turns from one to the other and back again, with all the sorrow and catastrophes—not without bright gleams of happiness, as when the sun dissolves the mountain mists—will be followed by the reader with unstinted interest. In some respects the author reminds us of George Eliot, though he has not her humour. Like her, he is free from the false sentiment that attributes unfailing affection to women who have attached themselves to those whom they afterwards discover to be worthless objects. Men flatter themselves in vain that love (for them) can never be extinguished in the female breast, but this is not the case—

"Women are all jilts at heart," says Will sullenly; "and yet you loved me once—or at least you said so."

"Yes. I can't understand my past life," returns May; "but at least I am certain of—that love is as utterly dead as though it had never existed. Its very memory now seems to degrade me."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"KING RICHARD III." AT THE LYCEUM.

Shakspeare's "King Richard III." (no less than Cibber's, which so long triumphed over it) is an enormously amusing tragedy. There is nothing incongruous in the epithet. What is a tragedy? A drama of great crime or great suffering, which concludes with the death of the protagonist? That, to be sure, is one definition. It covers Webster's "Duchess of Malfi"; it also covers "Punch and Judy." These are both amusing tragedies. So is Shakspeare's tragedy of Punch Gloster and his dog Toby Buckingham. If you want me to take this tragedy seriously you must transport me back to Elizabethan times and give me the Elizabethan "soul-state." You must bring the England of Bosworth Field as near to me as the England of Waterloo, you must make me believe in ghosts and shiver at curses—in short, you must achieve the impossible. No doubt Richard was tragic—seriously, terribly tragic—to Shakspeare's contemporaries. So was Guido Faukes—now become a comic "Guy," stuffed with bran. Is there a ha'p'orth of terror or pity—the Aristotelian marks of serious tragedy—in this play of Shakspeare's? I cannot find it. The very prodigality of Richard's crimes makes not for horror, the thrill, the cold shiver down the back, but for amusement. He has adopted—or adapted—Pat's code at Donnybrook: If you see a head—chop it off. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of decapitation. One can no more feel terror or pity at this wholesale, rapid, matter-of-fact slaughtering than the Parisians of the Terror could have felt those emotions when tumbrils passed with the frequency of the modern omnibus. One gets as indifferent of human life in the play as a savage at the court of Cetewayo or an executioner at Pekin. Richard is no more terrible than Giant Gorgibuster or any other fairy-tale monster. We come away, as Charles Lamb said, "with a proper conviction that Richard is a very wicked man, and kills little children in their beds with something like the pleasure which the giants and ogres in children's books are represented to have taken in that practice." Exactly! Richard is quite the most amusing of all the ogres.

He makes no secret about it himself. No sooner has the curtain risen than he rushes on the stage to tell you the sort of man he is, to growl out, as it were, a preliminary "Fee-faw fum!" as who should say, "Please make no mistake. I am the villain of this play; sit tight, keep your eye on me, and I will see you get your money's worth." What he actually says is—

I am determined to prove a villain,

and adds, as though he had been reading up his own character in More's "Life" and Holinshed's "Chronicle" (as, in fact, he had)—

. . . I am subtle, false, and treacherous.

In short, he is a "professional" villain, with his dramatic status inscribed on his visiting-card. This is not a type of *uomo delinquente* known to Lombroso. But it is, once more, enormously amusing.

What makes it still more amusing is that it is a perfect type of what it is now the fashion to call (especially among prigs) the "artist temperament." Richard works as enthusiastically at his own character, adding a "high light" of hypocrisy here, a warm touch of blood colour there, as a Cellini would work at a vase, or a Milton at a sonnet. He stands back from himself, so to speak, and watches with the approving eye of a connoisseur how the work progresses. When he feels he has put in a particularly neat stroke of the brush, he pauses to give himself that praise which is meat and drink to the true artist, and (being a bit of a *cabotin* into the bargain) he invites your praise too. Briefly, he is as vain as a prima donna, type of the class to which essentially he belongs.

Above all—it is the priceless quality of him, the thing that has endeared him to our hearts—he has a keen sense of humour. Here he is "the profound, the witty, accomplished Richard," of Lamb, already quoted. Were his murders mere murders, means to the removal of an obstacle, he would be what a contemporary critic called an early stage Richard, "a vulgar stabber"; but evidently

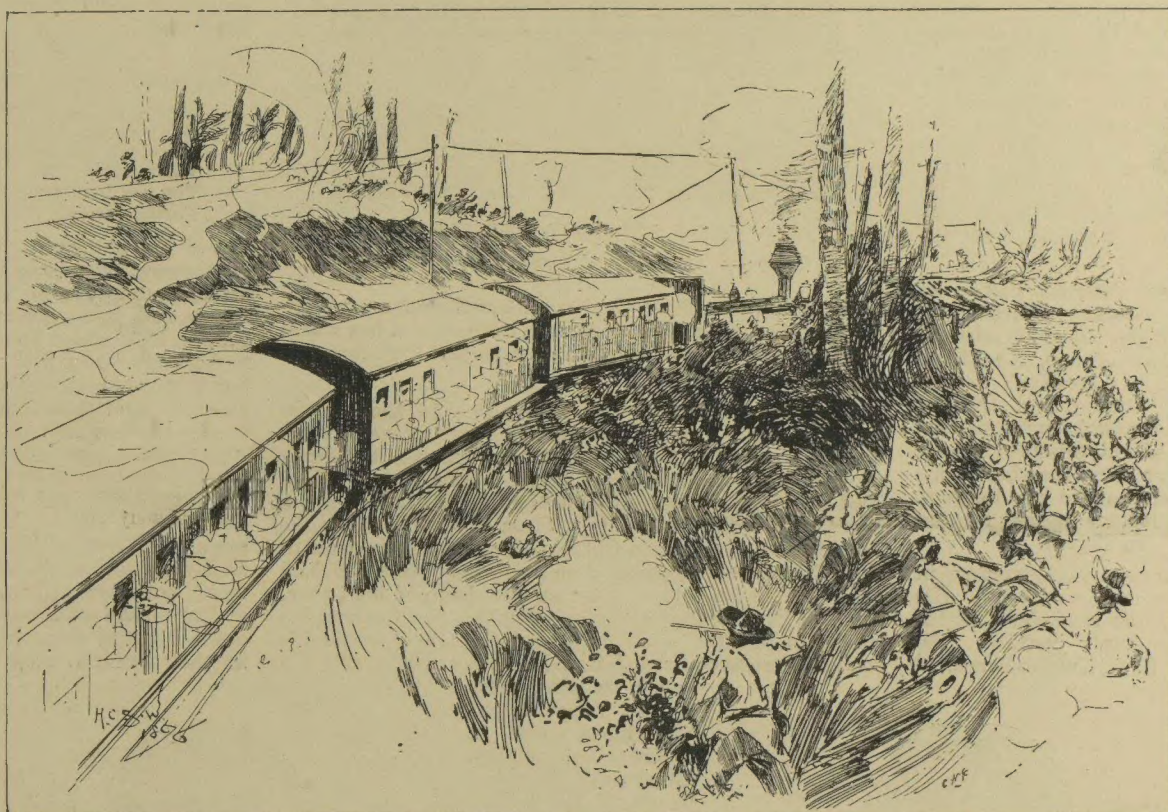
he revels in them, not more as means than as ends, as exquisite practical jokes. And whatever he does, he does gaily. He has the rare talent of being funny at a funeral. His fooling of the Lord Mayor and citizens is the irresponsible, joyous prank of a schoolboy. Women he regards as "great fun," turning Anne and Elizabeth round his little finger with the most crude flattery, and even "chaffing" his mother—treating the sex with the brutal, contemptuous indulgence of a Napoleon. But when he is most brutal he is most gay. He is always gay and "game"—and "game" he dies.

That is the Richard, it seems to me, which Sir Henry Irving gives us: a humorous Richard, a Richard brimming over with vitality, a keen (if peculiar) enjoyment of life, power, energy, will—it is, I think, Shakspeare's Richard "down to the ground." And, I repeat, it is enormously amusing. From the rest of the personages—a mere crowd, serving as heads for Richard to play his exquisite practical jokes with—Miss Genevieve Ward's "rare, pale" (and imprecating) "Margaret" stands most prominently out; but nearly everybody is sufficient. The grim Tower walls, the "drums and trappings," the final set-to, are, as such things invariably are at the Lyceum, "all werry capital."

A. B. WALKLEY.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

It does not seem likely that the death of Maceo, one of the most notable leaders of the insurgents' guerrilla warfare, whose fate was noticed by us last week, has caused such dismay among his comrades as to bring them nearer to submission. They number about forty thousand in arms,



THE CUBAN INSURRECTION: INSURGENTS, LED BY BRAULIO GUERRA AND PERICO DIAZ, ATTACKING A TRAIN LOADED WITH SPANISH SOLDIERS AND AMMUNITION NEAR POZO REDONDO.

forming many detached bands which traverse, east and west, the whole length of the large island of Cuba, doing sharp execution in every province to the damage of all partisans of the Spanish Government. Marshal Weyler, with a regular army which must, altogether, amount to 150,000, has been unable hitherto, as his predecessor was unable, to check the spreading forces of rebellion, and really holds but a small district, around the city of Havana, in his military grasp. Whether he can gain any decisive victory, or expel the insurgents at least from the western provinces to a considerable distance from the capital, before the commencement, in March or April, of a new political party rule in the United States of America, which may signify the recognition of Cuban independence or some commanding mediation, is a highly important question. The last eventuality, which might occasion hostilities between Spain and the United States, would probably be avoided by a signal defeat of the rebellion, but this appears every week more unlikely, as there is nowhere to be met with any collected body large enough to stand for the cause on a decisive battlefield, or to present, in case of its discomfiture, a proof of Spanish military power sufficient to end the contest. Fierce skirmishes are very frequent in places far remote from each other; convoys of provisions and ammunition for the troops are intercepted, as is shown by our Illustration of the insurgents attacking a railway train; country houses are burnt, sugar-plantations laid waste, small towns and villages compelled to pay money to the guerrilla bands, or to supply them with food and forage. The destruction and loss of property, beside the stoppage of cultivation on the planters' estates, must amount to several millions sterling. We cannot yet foresee the result of this devastating strife.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK
IN RHODESIA.

Although many experts in Rhodesian affairs still maintain that such pacification as has now been effected in Mashonaland and Matabililand is but a patched-up respite which cannot last long, recent accounts of the condition of the country seem to promise general quietude in the near future. It is estimated that the Matabili and Mashonas have between them lost some eight or nine thousand men, when dead, wounded, and prisoners are all reckoned up, and this heavy reduction of the insurgent ranks, coupled with their losses in cattle and the destruction of many of their kraals, must naturally have taken the heart out of the most ardent of the rebels. But the disturbances which have broken out even since peace was nominally restored testify to the urgent need of some sort of understanding of good faith between the natives and the great population of settlers. The provisions made by Earl Grey on behalf of the British South Africa Company for the feeding of the great hordes of natives left practically destitute by the war will doubtless have a good effect in promoting confidence.

The fuller accounts of the recent fighting which have now been received all show how severe the several encounters were. We give an Illustration of the attack on Wedza's stronghold on Oct. 16-18, in which Prince Alexander of Teck played a prominent part. The fight which raged around this insurgent centre lasted two whole days and nights, the position being a very strong one, consisting of six lofty granite hills, on which eight great kraals were situated. The process of the beleaguering imperial

troops was to hunt the insurgents from the kraals into the shelter of the hill-side caves, and then to shell the caves. The attacking force, under Lieutenant-Colonel Baden-Powell, made the very most of its numbers by spreading out around the considerable area occupied by the six heights, but at one point the real thinness of their ranks laid the troops open to a sharp repulse, which was only averted by the opportune arrival of a troop of the 7th Hussars, commanded by Prince Alexander of Teck in a spirited onset.

POMPEII, RECENTLY
PHOTOGRAPHED.

The burial rites were matters to which the Romans attached much importance, and the duty of doing everything to appease Charon and the other rulers of after life was religiously observed down to the dawn of Christianity. The cemetery, even after cremation was adopted for all

classes of citizens, was generally outside the city, and at Pompeii the suburb known as Augusta Felix was reserved for this purpose. The route now known as the Strada dei Sepolcri led thither, and in fact formed part of the burying-ground. Visitors will remember the frequent recurrence of the word "Augustæ" in the inscriptions which have been laid bare. This was a municipal title which implied the privilege of the "bisellium"—a badge which appears on several tombs. Of these memorials the most noteworthy is that of Nævoleia Tyche, with its beautiful relief symbolising the tossed ship of life entering the quiet haven of rest. The tomb with the marble door is interesting as showing the way in which the ashes of a family were arranged in the small underground chamber lighted from above. Close by the Villa of Diomed is the open space where, according to some writers, the funeral feasts were held; while the Tomb of Saturninus, the only erection of its kind in Pompeii, has been thought by some to have been built for the general public. The Tombs of Scæurus and Manlia and the Round Tomb are too well known to need any special description, but they remain the most important features of the Strada dei Sepolcri.

The death of Signor Fiorelli, at the early part of the present year, for a moment seemed to threaten the works at Pompeii with interruption. He had, however, during his many years of direction, trained a competent staff of assistants, and it is satisfactory to learn that the work of the past twelve months has been exceptionally encouraging. No important bronze statue like that of the "Listening Narcissus" has been unearthed, but the smaller works of art which entered so widely into the domestic life of the Romans have been found in some number, the Pompeii Museum being thereby considerably enriched.

PERSONAL.

The Duke of Norfolk has been entertaining parties of friends at Arundel Castle for the past fortnight. No harder worker than the present Postmaster-General has ever been in office, and no doubt he feels the anomaly of being on holiday at the very time all the rest of his department is working thirteen hours to the dozen. As a matter of fact, however, the great pressure which absorbs all hands for current work thrusts aside for the moment the merely departmental and administrative business. No subordinate has time to do anything but his pressing task, and the chief therefore has to put aside his inquiries, his experiments, his consultations. Meanwhile, the Duke has made every possible arrangement to meet the necessities of the season with the least amount of overwork for the members of his innumerable staff.

The sanguineness of Charles Dickens was never more at fault, it seems, than when he gave himself up to working for, and believing in, the establishment of the Guild of Literature and Art. It was to pension poor men of letters and to provide for their widows. Perhaps, if it had stopped there, it might have come to stay; but the sort of hospice built near Knebworth in connection with it made it top-heavy. Bulwer-Lytton gave two acres of land for it, and Dickens a variety of entertainments. But a red-brick building that could be seen from passing trains—what could it be but a charity institution? Such seemed to be the prejudice at the outset; and in the next Session of Parliament a Bill is to be brought in for the dissolution of the Guild, which began its well-meaning but ill-designed career in 1850. Its property, consisting of the land and buildings at Stevenage, and some £2000 in addition, will, if the Bill passes, be given to other and successful societies in the same line of business—the Royal Literary Fund and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

A silver tea-pot and a silver coffee-pot, the handsomest that Piccadilly could yield, have been presented to Captain Dutton, of the *Umbria*, a souvenir of the trip to America undertaken by a party of distinguished English lawyers in the autumn. The gift has been attributed by the daily press to Lord Russell of Killowen, who is, indeed, the chief of the givers. But with him are to be associated Sir Frank Lockwood, Mr. Crackanthorpe, Q.C., Mr. Charles Russell, the newly appointed solicitor in England to the Dominion of Canada, and, indeed, all the rest of the party. Captain Dutton's courtesy to the learned travellers is commemorated in a suitable inscription engraved upon the plate.

Dr. James Lynch, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, died on Saturday afternoon at Tullow, county Carlow. He was the oldest member of the Episcopate, being ninety years of age, for thirty of which he had been a Bishop. As president, first of St. Vincent's College, Castlenock, Dublin, and then of the Irish College in Paris, he was brought into relations with a large number of the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland in the days of their training. For some time before his death he was condemned to inaction; but he was followed to the grave by the regrets of persons scattered far and wide beyond the boundaries of his own diocese.

The Church of England lost one of its best workers in Africa when Bishop Knight-Bruce resigned his see. His early death in Devonshire is a pathetic reminder that his resolve to come home was only too amply justified. The Bishop was the eldest son of Mr. L. B. Knight-Bruce, of Sunbury, and a grandson of Lord Justice Knight-Bruce. He was born in 1853, went to Eton and Oxford, served some curacies in the West, and obtained his first incumbency at Liverpool in 1882. In the following year he resigned it in order to become a mission curate under Bishop Walsham How in East London. He was still a curate-in-charge when he accepted the Bishopric of Bloemfontein in 1886. He served his diocese, and then began to push ahead. He interviewed Lobengula, who conceived a liking for him, and afterwards he joined the pioneer forces on their entry into Mashonaland. On a new see being created he took Mashonaland for himself. When war broke out he was exceedingly busy, tending the wounded and watching over the native interests. Under the strain his health broke down, and he resigned in 1894. Bishop Knight-Bruce soon obtained work in Devonshire, where he has succumbed to pneumonia. He was much liked at home and abroad.

Who killed Maceo? Modern refinement, with an unabated enthusiastic admiration of military skill and soldierly courage, is not, as we observed last week, disposed to approve of national self-congratulation upon the death of an individual hostile combatant. But we feel sure that Major Cirujeda, commanding a battalion of the St. Quentin regiment of infantry in the Spanish army, his comrades serving in Cuba, and his personal friends at Madrid or in other cities and towns of Spain, cannot have shared or encouraged any barbarous exultation, such as the populace in those towns lately expressed at the fact of Maceo's being killed. For Maceo, though a mulatto, was a brave man; and the Cuban insurrection, whatever be its merits or prospects, is an attempt not more dishonourable to its partisans than the many civil wars, faction-fights, and "pronunciamientos" which have occurred in Spain, not in Cuba, at intervals of twenty years, more or less, since the oldest living Spaniard was a child. It was the national habit or custom, as it still is in Spanish South America, for rival or dis-sentient politicians to take up arms and fight over their

differences of opinion. Maceo and his companions are hereby excused from the imputation of criminality, and he might have died in his bed, nobody thinking he ought to be hanged. But as for Major Cirujeda, who certainly did not slay Maceo with his own hand in personal combat, he is a gallant officer, now justly praised by his countrymen, and honoured by the gracious Queen-Regent, for a notable action in which his troops, numbering three hundred and fifty, defeated two thousand of the enemy strongly posted on a hill-side. For that we give his portrait, and hope for



MAJOR FRANCISCO CIRUJEDA,

Commanding a Battalion of Spanish Infantry in Cuba.

him speedy promotion to higher rank with better pay—the more so because he has no private fortune, and has a wife and twelve children to maintain, in a modest little house in the Calle de Toledo.

The Earl of Darnley, who died on Dec. 14, had been in failing health for some time, and had never recovered from the shock caused by the painful circumstances of the death of his daughter, Lady Mary Bligh. John Stuart Bligh, Earl of Darnley, and, to give him his full list of titles, Viscount Darnley and Baron Clifton of Rathmore, in the Irish Peerage, and Baron Clifton of Leighton Bromswold in that of England, was born close on seventy years ago, and succeeded to his several titles on the death of his father, the fifth Earl, at the tender age of eight. He received his education at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where his son and successor, Lord Clifton, has followed him, and was

known in after years as a very loyal Churchman and a zealous Conservative. He married the eldest daughter of the third Earl of Chichester, Lady Harriet Mary Pelham. The late Earl was a popular landlord, and in the neighbourhood of Gravesend, of which the Earls of Darnley are Lord High Stewards, he was well known as a beneficent patron of local enterprise. It is interesting to remember that the fourth Earl of Darnley claimed the dukedom of Lennox, as heir of line to the sixth Duke, to whom Charles II. was served



Photo Ball.

THE LATE RIGHT REV. KNIGHT-BRUCE,
Bishop of Mashonaland.

heir. No decision was, however, given by the House of Lords on the question. The first peer received his patent after his marriage with the heiress of Baroness Clifton.

Among the many pleasant surprises of the Christmas season the most unexpected was the appearance in the *Times* of a letter from Mr. Ruskin. So long withdrawn from daily affairs, Mr. Ruskin has given casual readers time to forget that he is one of the best of English letter-writers, living or dead. What Mr. Ruskin did for St. Mark's, Venice, he is now eager to do for the west front of Peterborough Cathedral, threatened by the common foe, the restorer. In Mr. Ruskin's opinion, Peterborough is one of the grandest monuments of pure Gothic architecture left to the world, and he thinks the plan of Mr. Pearson to restore the west front is a monstrous one to demolish it. This may or may not be. But, at any rate, all will agree with Mr. Ruskin's wish to prevent "one stone from being touched until the matter of needful restoration has been fully considered by the most competent experts."

Serviceable presents for the season are to be obtained from Messrs. Blondeau, the proprietors of Vinolia, who have issued a number of "Presentation Cases" filled with the various Vinolia preparations of widespread repute. The boxes are very dainty in appearance, one, in shaded green with a chrysanthemum design, being particularly effective.

ABOUT STEVENSON AND MEMORIALS.

There was not room for cavil in the resolution passed at Edinburgh the other day for the erection of some monument to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is when the form of the memorial comes to be discussed that the battle will begin. Mr. Gosse has already declared for a statue, and he could, perhaps, produce a sculptor, though hardly an atmosphere in which it will stand; and to box up Robert Louis Stevenson in a building would be an offence to all that was open-air in him. Lord Rosebery, it is certain, will not lend himself to the further disfigurement of Edinburgh, if we may judge by his pious ejaculation that all its existing statues may become informed by the evil spirits of the Gadarene swine and precipitate themselves into the Firth of Forth.

What did Robert Louis Stevenson himself think or say of memorials? His forefathers, for instance, left him no need to decide. They had made their own. For what obelisk will compare with a lighthouse? Men of old left endowments to burn candles at some sacred shrine, but Stevenson's fathers had lit the lamp of lighthouses under "the naked heaven." The Bell Rock Lighthouse, his father's greatest work, was finished before Robert Louis Stevenson was born; and it was Skerryvore, "the noblest of all extant deep-sea lights," built by his father and his uncle Alan together, that Stevenson himself memorialised by calling his house at Bournemouth by its name. These remain as ideal monuments to the makers, and as such they were regarded by Stevenson. He looked "along the winding coasts," and saw the family's "pyramids and tall memorials catch the dying sun." In "Underwoods," again, Stevenson says of his father—

Innumerable loves, uncounted hopes,
To our wild coasts, not darkling now; approach;
Not now obscure, since thou and thine are there.

Yet, again, writing in the Isle of Apemama, in 1889, on "A Voice from Home," he imagined himself again in Edinburgh—

In that denoted city of the dead,
and once more he connects his fathers with their beacons—

There, on the sunny frontage of a hill,
Hard by the house of kings, repose the dead,
My dead, the ready and the strong of word.
Their works, the salt-encrusted, still survive:
The sea bombards their founded towers, the night
Thrills pierced with their strong lamps

But of the putting up of monuments over the dead, of set purpose, Stevenson has something to the point. Almost his last letters were written in approval of a monument for Burns, and in suggestion of a monument to Robin Fergusson, from whom Burns, Stevenson said, "knew whence to draw fire—from the poor white-faced, drunken, vicious boy that raved himself to death in the Edinburgh madhouse." And then follows one of the most remarkable passages Stevenson ever wrote: "We"—Fergusson, Burns, and himself—"we are the three Robins who have touched the Scots lyre this last century. Well, the one is the world's. He did it; he came off; he is now for ever. But I and the other—ah, what bonds we have! Born in the same city; both sickly, both vicious, both pestered—one nearly to madness, the other to a madhouse—by a damnatory creed; both seeing the stars and the moon, and wearing shoe-leather on the same ancient stones, under the same pends, down the same closes where our common ancestors clashed in their armour, rusty or bright. I believe Fergusson

lives in me—I do; but tell it not in Gath, as every man has these fanciful superstitions, coming, going, but yet enduring; only most men are so wise (or the poet in them so dead) that they keep their follies for themselves." In another letter to the same correspondent Stevenson speaks of a memorial for this poet, with whom he so identifies himself that one may almost gather what would be his own views about his own monument in the words: "The true place (in my view) for a monument to Fergusson is in the churchyard of Haddington; but as that would, perhaps, not carry many votes, I should say the two following sites—first, as near the site of the old Bedlam as we could get; or, second, beside the Cross, the heart of his

city. Upon this would I have a fluttering butterfly; and I suggest the citation—

Poor butterfly, thy case I mourn,

for the case of Fergusson is not one to pretend about." But as for Burns, whom Stevenson more resembles as a writer, belonging to all the nation, he would give a larger liberty of choice. "Where Burns goes will not matter. He is no local poet, like poor Robin the First; he is general as the casing air. Glasgow, as the chief city of Scottish men, would do well; but for God's sake don't let it be like the Glasgow memorial to Knox. I remember when I first saw this laughing for an hour by Shrewsbury clock."

In another instance Stevenson gave the world his mind about a memorial. R. M. Ballantyne, the story-writer, was to be commemorated this time, and Stevenson sent a subscription. And with his cheque was a piece of advice: "Mr. Ballantyne would, I am sure, be vastly more gratified if we added to the prosperity of his wife and family than if we erected to him the tallest memorial in Rome." This he insists upon; and then he suggests: "a simple tablet, with our benefactor's name, dates of birth and death, the indication that he was the author of many works, and some words to this effect: 'Erected to his cheerful memory by a grateful generation.'" It would seem as if in these words Stevenson had come to the rescue of Lord Rosebery's committee in that difficult matter—the choice of an inscription.



Photo Dickinson and Foster, Bond Street.

THE LATE LORD DARNLEY.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Henry of Battenberg, on Friday, Dec. 18, left Windsor Castle for Osborne House, Isle of Wight.

The Prince of Wales on Tuesday opened the Davy-Faraday Laboratory, adjacent to the Royal Institution.

The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales are at Sandringham. Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark on Saturday left England for Copenhagen.

The week before Christmas has naturally brought a truce to political meetings and speeches. Our leading statesmen, and members of both Houses of Parliament, have been more agreeably engaged, and the family or social gatherings at country houses do not belong to public record here. Since Dec. 16, when the Central Committee of the Liberal Federation at Liverpool passed resolutions to keep up the Opposition protest against Ministerial inaction upon the Armenian question and Ministerial intentions respecting Voluntary schools, no demonstration of that kind has taken place that demands remark.

To maintain the Crystal Palace and improve its financial position by a scheme which should further increase and secure its substantial usefulness as a centre of technical education, was the object of a meeting held last week under the presidency of the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade. Mr. C. E. Tritton, M.P., Sir Raymond West, and other gentlemen, took part in the consultation, and a suggestion was made by Colonel Campbell that the Crystal Palace might in some way be connected with the London School Board. Members of the London County Council also felt an interest in the matter. Nothing was said of direct Government aid.

The London County Council, at its adjourned meetings, has been continuing discussions, for one thing, upon the reorganisation of its Works and Buildings official departments, rendered needful by the recent discovery of misleading entries in the accounts. The chief engineer, Mr. Alexander Binnie, furnished a detailed exposition of the management of the works, giving an opinion that works could not be done so cheaply or so well by any contractors. Mr. T. Blashill, the official architect, examined with regard to buildings, confirmed this view. Another important matter is the purchase and leasing of the chief Metropolitan tramways on the north side of the Thames, by which it is calculated that the rate-payers will gain a profit of £38,000 yearly, the lines being surrendered by the companies as freehold property, under compulsion, and let again to them for working, under a fourteen years' lease, at a rent of 12½ per cent. on the price which the Council pays for the purchase.

The various schemes for the celebration of the Queen's long reign, kept in abeyance at her Majesty's personal wish, are in what may be called a forward state of preparation. If little is said until 1897 is actually an arrival, every speaker is primed, ready to pop off at the given signal. Preliminaries are all arranged, and the army of workers and speakers is ready to take the platform. A most important party has already declared for the nurses—a class which the Queen's reign may be said to have seen created and organised. But unanimity in these things is out of the question; and there will be local and sectional celebrations, of which one can only say, the more the merrier, if they allured the otherwise stand-off contributor. Already a meeting of Jews has been held for separate association, and, among local efforts, a very energetic one is on foot in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where some £75,000 has already been subscribed for a new infirmary, the Northumberland miners having decided by ballot to contribute £5000 from their own fund.

Organising preparations for the national festive celebration, in July next, of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's reign, begins to make a stir among the promoters and managers of exhibitions in London. The Duke of Cambridge presided last week over a meeting of the Honorary Committee which undertakes to provide at Earl's Court an attractive memorial display of the products of British art and industry and intellect during the Victorian era. Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., represents the Chambers of Commerce; Sir George Birdwood, Sir J. D. Linton, Sir Charles Kennedy, Mr. MacWhirter, and others are active members of the Committee; the Marquis of Lorne leads the Women's Work Section. Mr. Imre Kiralfy and M. Paul Cremon Javal are occupied with plans for adapting the Earl's Court grounds and buildings to the intended exhibition.

Instead of political or social agitation last week, England had an earthquake, of wider extent than has been experienced for some time past, but very slight in force; this happened on Thursday, Dec. 17, a little over twenty minutes before six o'clock in the morning. It chiefly affected a broad region extending from the south-eastern and eastern counties to the North Midlands, the Welsh border, and Cheshire, a length of nearly three hundred miles, but was felt strongly in Worcestershire and Herefordshire, towards the base of the hill ranges along the eastward frontier of Wales; in Warwickshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and in the Valley of the Thames, also, on the Berkshire and Surrey side,

the disturbance was everywhere perceptible; likewise in London and the suburbs. It reached Derby northward. Those who felt it say it seemed to them a rocking, not a lifting motion, and they heard a deep rumbling; the whole time comprised by these unusual phenomena was only four seconds. Several pinnacles of Hereford Cathedral were loosened, but did not fall. Chimneys were shaken down, but no considerable damage to buildings, and no loss of life or personal injury has been reported; and curiosity, rather than serious alarm, was the general sentiment with regard to this mild visitation.

The Abernant or River Level Pit Colliery disaster in South Wales, mentioned in our last, must have been fatal to nearly eighty men who were unable to escape when the water burst in upon them; but the work of pumping out the water has occupied many days; and, until it was done, their bodies could not be recovered.

The steam-ship *Orotava*, belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, but chartered by the Orient Company's line for the voyage to Australia, capsized in the dock at Tilbury while taking in coal, on Dec. 14, and could not be raised until Monday last. Five men who were below, employed in scraping the tanks, were unfortunately drowned. The vessel is not much damaged.

The United States Ambassador, the Hon. T. F. Bayard, was at Bristol on Dec. 17, when he met the Chamber of Commerce, gave away prizes at the Merchant Venturers'

were killed by the dynamite explosion, ended on Dec. 16 in a judgment of guilty, and a sentence of death is likely to be executed upon eight or nine of the accused. There are about eighty others, who will probably be transported to Fernando Po, on the west coast of Africa.

At Constantinople, the Russian Ambassador, M. Nelidoff, having returned from St. Petersburg, the representatives of the European Powers are now considering a plan of reforms in the Turkish Empire upon which, it is said, Lord Salisbury and the Czar Nicholas II. agreed in their interview at Balmoral. More arrests of Turks and other Mohammedans, belonging to the Reform party, have been effected in the capital city.

The most recent official telegrams of the distress from scarcity of grain in India are worse than those before received. The total of people receiving Government relief is now close upon half a million, of whom a quarter of a million are in the North-West Provinces.

"THE ALARM."

The special supplement has become an important feature of latter-day illustrated journalism, and the popularity of our own supplements has frequently testified to the public appreciation of detached plates, unbacked by printed matter, and in other respects particularly suitable for framing. The *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* is now to eclipse all its rivals in the frequent presentation of extra plates by giving a double-page supplement with every issue throughout the coming year. The subjects are to be taken primarily from the world of sport, and from the varied sphere of military and naval history—past, present, and to come, while the drama will also be laid under occasional tribute. The pictures are all to be the work of artists who have won special distinction in one or other of these groups of subjects. To-day we reproduce the first of these supplements by permission of the proprietors of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. The picture, entitled by its artist, Mr. Charles Krener, "The Alarm," presents a wild landscape, in the foreground of which are some deer startled by a sudden alarm. The empty sky and the barren spaces of the earth are admirably contrasted with the alertness of the living creatures, listening anxiously for the noise of their natural enemy, the sportsman. The actual composition is of great simplicity in design, yet sufficiently impressive in effect. Altogether, the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* is likely to add fresh laurels to those which it has won in the past.

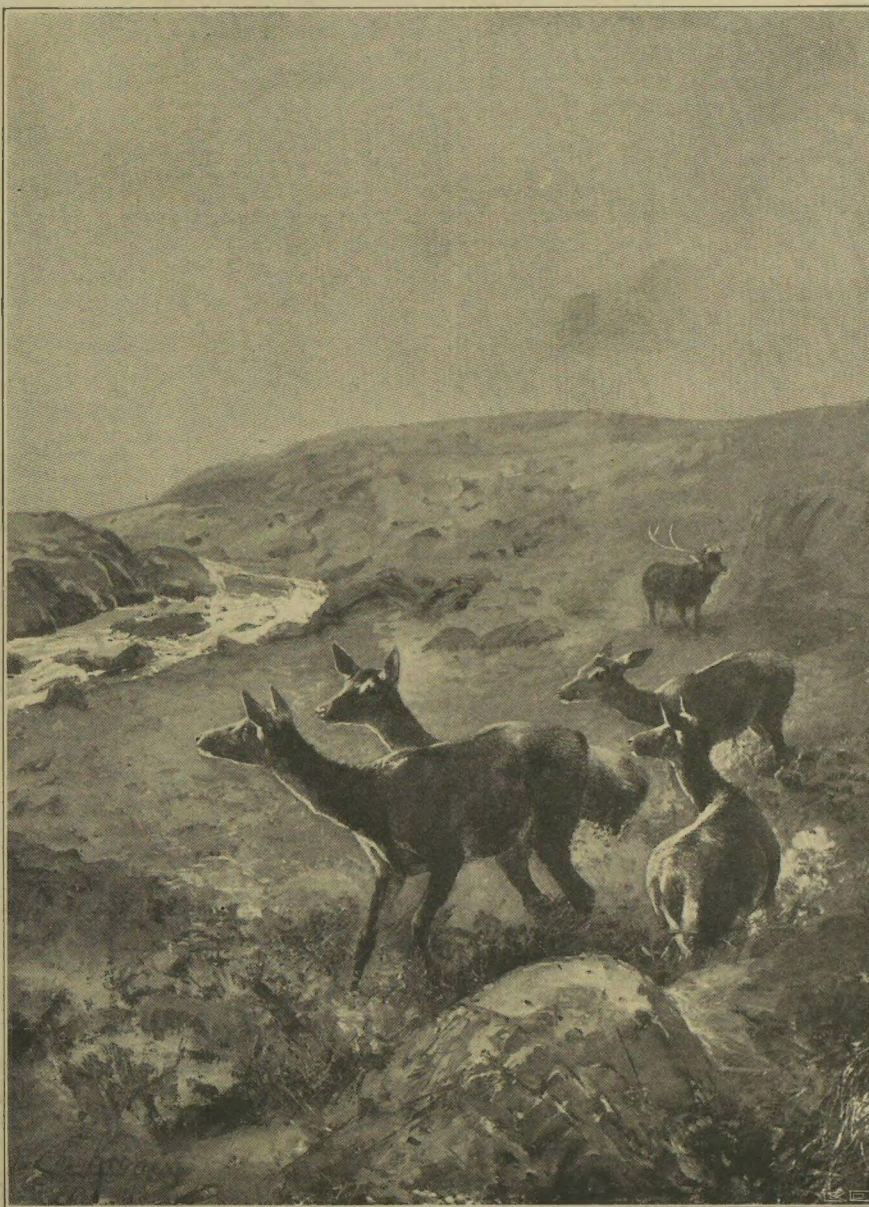
MUSIC.

On Wednesday, Dec. 16, at the Society of Arts, Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch delivered a most interesting lecture upon his favourite subject, the instruments of an olden time—those for which Purcell, Bach, and Handel wrote. The lecture was, in point of fact, practically an attack upon the pianoforte; for, although Mr. Dolmetsch generously acknowledged that such masters as Schumann and Brahms may write works of inspired genius for the later and more robust instrument, he also showed an animus against the poor thing, its hammers, its lack of agreement with other instruments, and what not, that could not be winked at. For his own part, he demonstrated how Purcell really intended his compositions to be played; and he gave on the harpsichord some of these works with immense effect. Every sane man will agree with Mr. Dolmetsch that when such a composer as Bach wrote for the harpsichord and (say) one violin, it is madness to play the piece with two pianofortes and a full orchestra. You would agree with such a proposition for its mere natural logic; after you have heard Mr. Dolmetsch you will agree for purely sentimental reasons.

On Thursday, Dec. 17, the Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society gave their concert at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Megone. It was an earnest enough and conscientious enough effort, but coming after so much successfully ambitious orchestral music in London, it is not necessary to dwell further upon the results.

On Saturday last Mr. Henry Wood conducted a promenade concert at the Queen's Hall, which consisted almost entirely of Wagner's music. One would have said beforehand that the experiment was a risky one, but Mr. Robert Newman was completely justified by its triumphant and tremendous success. Nothing like the concourse of people or the generally evinced enthusiasm has been seen before in England at a purely popular concert. The programme included certain of Wagner's most "advanced" and personal creations, such as selections from "Rheingold," "Tristan," and "Götterdämmerung"; but the enthusiasm was unabatable. It was indeed a remarkable evening, and has proved conclusively that even to give away Wagner for a shilling is now a profitable investment.

It is an odd link with the past that knew not Wagner to recall that on Thursday, Christmas Eve, Mr. Henry Russell, still alive and vigorous, attained his eighty-fifth year. Mr. Russell carried his generation before him; and it is not a little curious to note that he who was born before Wagner, and has seen from the beginning the rise of the great movement initiated by that musician, should still remain as a kind of figure-head to show where the popular taste once lay. And in his time, too, his own work was well done.



By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

"THE ALARM."

After the Picture by Charles Krener.

College, and spoke at the luncheon banquet, renewing his friendly assurances of regard for England, and calling to mind the old Cabots, foreign merchants of Bristol, whose maritime enterprise, four hundred years ago, led to the discovery of Newfoundland, a preliminary, though one or two centuries earlier, to the English colonisation of North America.

The French Chamber of Deputies adjourned on Saturday last, and the Italian on Monday.

In America, at Washington, the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations is considering the resolution to be proposed by Senator Cameron, to be passed jointly by the Senate and the House of Representatives, declaring that the United States recognise the independence of Cuba, and will "use friendly offices" with the Government of Spain to bring the war there to a close. Mr. Olney, the Secretary of State, says that President Cleveland and his Ministers will not comply with the resolution, even if it be passed by both Houses at Washington.

The notices of motions in the American United States Senate in favour of recognising the independence of Cuba have excited great indignation in Spain, and some talk of going to war. Spain is already encumbered not only with the Cuban revolt, but also with that in the Philippine Islands, where General Polavieja, now Commander-in-Chief, hopes to put down insurrection more speedily than General Weyler does in Cuba.

In Spain the trial by martial law of the numerous Anarchist dynamite conspirators arrested last June after the atrocious outrage at Barcelona, when sixteen persons



LADY ANNE (Miss Julia Arthur).

RICHARD (Sir Henry Irving).

"KING RICHARD III.," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

RICHARD: "He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband, Did it to help thee to a better husband."—Act i. Scene 2.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XXX.

As he went to his chambers to dress before going to dine with the Dillys in the Poultry, he was happier than he had been for years. He had seen the light return to the face that he loved more than all the faces in the world, and he had been strong enough to put aside the temptation to hear her confess that she returned the love which he bore her, but which he had never confessed to her. He felt happy to know that the friendship which had been so great a consolation to him for several years—the friendship for the family who had been so good and so considerate to him—was the same now as it had always been. He felt happy in the reflection that he had spoken no word that would tend to jeopardise that friendship. He had seen enough of the world to be made aware of the fact that there is no more potent destroyer of friendship than love. He had put aside the temptation to speak a word of love; nay, he had prevented her from speaking what he believed would be a word of love, although the speaking of that word would have been the sweetest sound that had ever fallen upon his ears.

And that was how he came to feel happy.

And yet, that same night, when he was sitting alone in his room, he found a delight in adding to that bundle of manuscripts which he had dedicated to her and which some weeks before he had designed to destroy. He added poem after poem to the verses which Johnson had rightly interpreted—verses pulsating with the love that was in his heart—verses which Mary Horneck could not fail to interpret aright should they ever come before her eyes.

"But they shall never come before her eyes," he said. "Ah, never—never! It is in my power to avert at least that unhappiness from her life."

And yet before he went to sleep he had a thought that perhaps one day she might read those verses of his—yes, perhaps one day. He wondered if that day was far off or nigh.

When he had been by her side, after Colonel Gwyn had left the house, he had told her the story of the recovery of her letters; he did not, however, think it necessary to tell her how the man had come to entertain his animosity to Barette; and she thus regarded the latter's killing of Jackson as an accident.

After the lapse of a day or two he began to think if it might not be well for him to consult with Edmund Burke as to whether it would be to the advantage of Barette or otherwise to submit evidence as to the threats made use of by Jackson in regard to Barette. He thought that it might be possible to do so without introducing the name of Mary Horneck. But Burke, after hearing the story—no mention of the name of Mary Horneck being made by Goldsmith—came to the conclusion that it would be unwise to introduce at the trial any question of animosity on the part of the man who had been killed, lest the jury might be led to infer—as, indeed, they might have some sort of reason for doing—that the animosity on Jackson's part meant animosity on Barette's part. Burke considered that a defence founded upon the plea of accident was the one which was most likely to succeed in obtaining from a jury a verdict of acquittal. If it could be shown that the man had attacked Barette as impudently as some of the witnesses for the Crown were ready to admit that he did, Burke and his legal advisers thought that the prisoner had a good chance of obtaining a verdict.

The fact that neither Burke nor anyone else spoke with confidence of the acquittal had, however, a deep effect upon Goldsmith. His sanguine nature had caused him from the first to feel certain of Barette's safety, and anyone who reads nowadays an account of the celebrated trial would undoubtedly be inclined to think that his feeling in this matter was fully justified. That there should have been

any suggestion of premeditation in the unfortunate act of self-defence on the part of Barette seems amazing to a modern reader of the case as stated by the Crown. But as Edmund Burke stated about that time in the House of

Commons, England was a gigantic shambles. The barest evidence again a prisoner was considered sufficient to bring him to the gallows for an offence which nowadays, if proved against him on unmistakable testimony, would only entail



"Ah! Cannot you perceive that I love you—only you, Oliver Goldsmith?"

his incarceration for a week. Women were hanged for stealing bread to keep their children from that starvation which was the result of the kidnapping of their husbands to serve in the navy; and yet Burke's was the only influential voice that was lifted up against a system in comparison with which slavery was not only tolerable, but commendable.

Baretti was indeed the only one of that famous circle of which Johnson was the centre who felt confident that he would be acquitted. For all his railing against the detestable laws of the detestable country—which, however, he found preferable to his own—he ridiculed the possibility of his being found guilty. It was Johnson who considered it within the bounds of his duty to make the Italian understand that, however absurd was the notion of his being carted to the gallows, the likelihood was that he would experience the feelings incidental to such an excursion.

He went full of this intention with Reynolds to visit the prisoner at Newgate, and it may be taken for granted that he discharged his duty with his usual emphasis. It is recorded, however, on the excellent authority of Boswell, that Baretti was quite unmoved by the admonition of the sage; for, taking his hand and the hand of Reynolds in his own, he merely said, "With two such friends beside me what need I fear?"

It is also on the authority of Boswell we learn that Johnson was guilty of what appears to us nowadays as a very gross breach of good taste as well as of good feeling, when, on the question of the likelihood of Baretti's failing to obtain a verdict being discussed, he declared that if one of his friends were fairly hanged he should not suffer, but eat his dinner just the same as usual. It is fortunate however, that we know something of the systems adopted by Johnson when pestered by the idiotic insistence of certain trivial matters by Boswell, and the record of Johnson's pretence to appear a callous man of the world probably deceived no one in the world except the one man whom it was meant to silence.

But, however callous Dr. Johnson may have pretended to be—however insincere Tom Davies the bookseller may—according to Johnson—have been, there can be no doubt that poor Goldsmith was in great trepidation until the trial was over. He gave evidence in favour of Baretti, though Boswell, true to his detestation of the man against whom he entertained an envy that showed itself every time he mentioned his name, declined to mention this fact, taking care, however, that Johnson got full credit for appearing in the witness-box with Burke, Garrick, and Beauclerk.

Baretti was acquitted, the jury being satisfied that, as the fruit-knife was a weapon which was constantly carried by Frenchmen and Italians, they might possibly go so far as to assume that it had not been bought by the prisoner solely with the intention of murdering the man who had attacked him in the Haymarket. The carrying of the fruit-knife seems rather a strange turning-point of a case heard at a period when the law permitted men to carry swords presumably for their own protection.

Goldsmith's mind was set at ease by the acquittal of Baretti, and he joined in the many attempts that were made to show the sympathy which was felt—or, as Boswell would have us believe Johnson thought, was simulated—by his friends for Baretti. He gave a dinner in honour of the acquittal, inviting Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and a few others of the circle, and he proposed the health of their guest, which, he said, had not been so robust of late as to give all his friends an assurance that he would live to a ripe old age. He also toasted the jury and the counsel, as well as the turnkeys of Newgate and the usher of the Old Bailey.

When the trial was over, however, he showed that the strain to which he had been subjected was too great for him. His health broke down, and he was compelled to leave his chambers and hurry off to his cottage on the Edgware Road, hoping to be benefited by the change to the country, and trusting also to be able to make some progress with the many works which he had engaged himself to complete for the booksellers. He had, in addition, his comedy to write for Garrick, and he was not unmindful of his promise to give Mrs. Abington a part worthy of her acceptance.

He returned at rare intervals to town, and never failed at such times to see his Jessamy Bride, with whom he had resumed his old relations of friendship. When she visited her sister at Barton she wrote to him in her usual high spirits. Little Comedy also sent him letters full of the fun in which she delighted to indulge with him, and he was never too busy to reply in the same strain. The pleasant circle at Bunbury's country house wished to have him once again in their midst, to join in their pranks, and to submit, as he did with such goodwill, to their practical jests.

He did not go to Barton. He had made up his mind that that was one of the pleasures of life which he should forego. At Barton he knew that he would see Mary day by day, and he could not trust himself to be near her constantly and yet refrain from saying the words which would make both of them miserable. He had conquered himself once, but he was not sure that he would be as strong a second time.

This perpetual struggle in which he was engaged—this constant endeavour to crush out of his life the passion which alone made life endurable to him, left him worn and weak, so it was not surprising that, when a coach drove up to his cottage one day, after many months had passed, and Mrs. Horneck stepped out, she was greatly shocked at the change which was apparent in his appearance.

"Good Heaven, Dr. Goldsmith!" she cried when she entered his little parlour, "you are killing yourself by your hard work. Sir Joshua said he was extremely apprehensive in regard to your health the last time he saw you, but were he to see you now, he would be not merely apprehensive but despairing."

"Nay, my dear Madam," he said, "I am only suffering from a slight attack of an old enemy of mine. I am not so strong as I used to be; but let me assure you that I feel much better since you have been good enough to give me an opportunity of seeing you at my humble home. When I caught sight of you stepping out of the coach I received a great shock for a moment: I feared that—ah, I cannot tell you all that I feared."

"However shocked you were, dear Dr. Goldsmith, you were not so shocked as I was when you appeared before me," said the lady. "Why, dear Sir, you are killing yourself. Oh, we must change all this. You have no one here to give you the attention which your condition requires."

"What, Madam! Am not I a physician myself?" said the Doctor, making a pitiful attempt to assume his old manner.

"Ah, Sir! every moment I am more shocked," said she. "I will take you in hand. I came here to beg of you to go to Barton in my interests, but now I will beg of you to go thither in your own."

"To Barton? Oh, my dear Madam—"

"Nay, Sir, I insist! Ah! I might have known you better than to fancy I should easier prevail upon you by asking you to go to advance your own interests rather than mine. You were always more ready to help others than to help yourself."

"How is it possible, dear lady, that you need my poor help?"

"Ah! I knew the best way to interest you. Dear friend, I know of no one who could be of the same help to us as you."

"There is no one who would be more willing, Madam."

"You have proved it long ago, Dr. Goldsmith. When Mary had that mysterious indisposition, was not her recovery due to you? She announced that it was you, and you only, who had brought her back to life."

"Ah! my dear Jessamy Bride was always generous. Surely she is not again in need of my help?"

"It is for her sake I come to you to-day, Dr. Goldsmith. I am sure that you are interested in her future—in the happiness which we all are anxious to secure for her."

"Happiness? What happiness, dear Madam?"

"I will tell you all, Sir. I look on you as one of our family—nay, I can talk with you more confidentially than I can with my own son."

"You have ever been indulgent to me, Mrs. Horneck."

"And you have ever been generous, Sir; that is why I am here to-day. I know that Mary writes to you. I wonder if she has yet told you that Colonel Gwyn made her an offer with my consent."

"No; she has not told me that."

He spoke slowly, rising from his chair, but endeavouring to restrain the emotion which he felt.

"It is not unlike Mary to treat the matter as if it were finally settled and so not worthy of another thought," said Mrs. Horneck.

"Finally settled?" repeated Goldsmith. "Then she has accepted Colonel Gwyn's proposal?"

"On the contrary, Sir, she rejected it," said the mother.

He resumed his seat. Was the emotion which he experienced at that moment one of gladness?

"Yes, she rejected a suitor whom we all considered most eligible," said the lady. "Colonel Gwyn is a man of good family, and his own character is irreproachable. He is in every respect a most admirable man, and I am convinced that my dear child's happiness would be assured with him—and yet she sends him away from her."

"That is possibly because she knows her own mind—her own heart, I should rather say; and that heart the purest in the world."

"Alas! she is but a girl."

"Nay, to my mind, she is something more than a girl. No man that lives is worthy of her."

"That may be true, dear friend; but no girl would thank you to act too rigidly on that assumption—an assumption which would condemn her to live and die an old maid. Now, my dear Dr. Goldsmith, I want you to take a practical and not a poetical view of a matter which so closely concerns the future of one who is dear to me, and in whom I am sure you take a great interest."

"I would do anything for her happiness."

"I know it. Well, you have long been aware, I am sure, that she regards you with the greatest respect and esteem—nay, if I may say it, with affection as well."

"Ah! affection—affection for me?"

"You know it. If you were her brother she could not have a warmer regard for you. And that is why I have come to you to-day to beg of you to yield to the entreaties of your friends at Barton and pay them a visit. Mary is there, and I hope you will see your way to use your influence with her on behalf of Colonel Gwyn."

"What! I, Madam?"

"Has my suggestion startled you? It should not have done so. I tell you, my friend, there is no one to whom I could go in this way, saving yourself. Indeed, there is no one else who would be worth going to, for no one possesses the influence over her which you have always had. I am convinced, Dr. Goldsmith, that she would listen to your persuasion while turning a deaf ear to that of anyone else. You will lend us your influence, will you not, dear friend?"

"I must have time to think—to think. How can I answer you at once in this matter? Ah, you cannot know what my decision means to me."

He had left his chair once more and was standing against the fireplace looking into the empty grate.

"You are wrong," she said in a low tone. "You are wrong; I know what is in your thoughts—in your heart. You fear that if Mary were married she would stand on a different footing in respect to you?"

"Ah! a different footing!"

"I think that you are in error in that respect," said the lady. "Marriage is not such a change as some people seem to fancy it is. Is not Katherine the same to you now as she was before she married Charles Bunbury?"

He looked at her with a little smile upon his face. How little she knew of what was in his heart!

"Ah, yes, my dear Little Comedy is unchanged," said he.

"And your Jessamy Bride would be equally unchanged," said Mrs. Horneck.

"But where lies the need for her to marry at once?" he inquired. "If she were in love with Colonel Gwyn there would be no reason why they should not marry at once; but if she does not love him—"

"Who can say that she does not love him?" cried the

lady. "Oh, my dear Dr. Goldsmith, a young woman is herself the worst judge of all the world of whether or not she loves one particular man. I give you my word, Sir, I was married for five years before I knew that I loved my husband. When I married him I know that I was under the impression that I actually disliked him. Marriages are made in heaven, they say, and very properly, for heaven only knows whether a woman really loves a man, and a man a woman. Neither of the persons in the contract is capable of pronouncing a just opinion on the subject."

"I think that Mary should know what is in her own heart."

"Alas! alas! I fear for her. It is because I fear for her I am desirous of seeing her married to a good man—a man with whom her future happiness would be assured. You have talked of her heart, my friend: alas! that is just why I fear for her. I know how her heart dominates her life and prevents her from exercising her judgment. A girl who is ruled by her heart is in a perilous way. I wonder if she told you what her uncle, with whom she was sojourning in Devonshire, told me about her meeting a certain man there—my brother did not make me acquainted with his name—and being so carried away with some plausible story he told that she actually fancied herself in love with him—actually, until my brother, learning that the man was a disreputable fellow, put a stop to an affair that could only have had a disastrous ending. Ah! her heart. . . ."

"Yes, she told me all that. Undoubtedly she is dominated by her heart."

"That is, I repeat, why I tremble for her future. If she were to meet at some time, when perhaps I might not be near her, another adventurer like the fellow whom she met in Devonshire, who can say that she would not fancy she loved him? What disaster might result! Dear friend, would you desire to save her from the fate of your Olivia?"

There was a long pause before he said—

"Madam, I will do as you ask me. I will go to Mary and endeavour to point out to her that it is her duty to marry Colonel Gwyn."

"I knew you would grant my request, my dear, dear friend," cried the mother, catching his hand and pressing it. "But I would ask of you not to put the proposal to her quite in that way. To suggest that a girl with a heart should marry a particular man because her duty lies in that direction would be foolishness itself. Duty? The word is abhorrent to the ear of a young woman whose heart is ripe for love."

"You are a woman."

"I am one indeed; I know what are a woman's thoughts—her longings—her hopes—and alas! her self-deceptions. A woman's heart . . . ah, Dr. Goldsmith, you once put into a few lines the whole tragedy of a woman's life. What experience was it urged you to write those lines?"

When lovely woman stoops to folly.

And finds too late . . .

To think that one day, perhaps, a child of mine should sing that song of poor Olivia!"

He did not tell her that Mary had already quoted the lines in his hearing. He bowed his head, saying—

"I will go to her."

"You will be saving her—ah, Sir, will you not be saving yourself," cried Mrs. Horneck.

He started slightly.

"Saving myself? What can your meaning be, Mrs. Horneck?"

"I tell you I was shocked beyond measure when I entered this room and saw you," she replied. "You are ill, Sir; you are very ill, and the change to the garden at Barton will do you good. You have been neglecting yourself—yes, and someone who will nurse you back to life. Oh, Barton is the place for you!"

"There is no place I should like better to die at," said he.

"To die at?" she said. "Nonsense, Sir! You are, I trust, far from death still. Nay, you will find life, and not death there. Life is there for you."

"Your daughter Mary is there," said he.

CHAPTER XXXI.

He wrote that very evening, after Mrs. Horneck had taken her departure, one of his merry letters to Katherine Bunbury, telling her that he had resolved to yield gracefully to her entreaties to visit her, and meant to leave for Barton the next day. When that letter was written he gave himself up to his thoughts.

All his thoughts were of Mary. He was going to place a barrier between her and himself. He was going to give himself a chance of life by making it impossible for him to love her. This writer of books had brought himself to think that if Mary Horneck were to marry Colonel Gwyn he, Oliver Goldsmith, would come to think of her as he thought of her sister—with the affection which exists between good friends.

While her mother had been talking to him about her and her loving heart, he had suddenly become possessed of the truth: it was her sympathetic heart that had led her to make the two mistakes of her life. First, she had fancied that she loved the impostor whom she had met in Devonshire, and then she had fancied that she loved him, Oliver Goldsmith. He knew what she meant by the words which she had spoken in his presence. He knew that if he had not been strong enough to answer her as he had done that day, she would have told him that she loved him.

Her mother was right. She was in great danger through her liability to follow the promptings of her heart. If already she had made two such mistakes as he had become aware of, into what disaster might not she be led in the future?

Yes; her mother was right. Safety for a girl with so tender a heart was to be found only in marriage—marriage with such a man as Colonel Gwyn undoubtedly was. He recollected the details of Colonel Gwyn's visit to himself, and how favourably impressed he had been with the man. He undoubtedly possessed every trait of character that goes to constitute a good man and a good husband. Above

all, he was devoted to Mary Horneck, and there was no man who would be better able to keep her from the dangers which surrounded her.

Yes, he would go to Barton and carry out Mrs. Horneck's request. He would, moreover, be careful to refrain from any mention of the word duty, which would, the lady had declared, if introduced into his argument, tend to frustrate his intention.

He went down to Barton by coach the next day. He felt very ill indeed, and he was not quite so confident as Mrs. Horneck that the result of his visit would be to restore him to perfect health. His last thought before leaving was that if Mary was made happy nothing else was worth a moment's consideration.

She met him with a chaise driven by Bunbury, at the cross roads, where the coach set him down; and he could not fail to perceive that she was even more shocked than her mother had been at his changed appearance. While still on the top of the coach he saw her face lighted with pleasure the instant she caught sight of him. She waved her hand toward him, and Bunbury waved his whip. But the moment he had swung himself painfully and laboriously to the ground, he saw the look of amazement both on her face and on that of her brother-in-law.

the chaise arrived at the house, however, and Little Comedy welcomed her guest at the great door, her high spirits triumphed over even the depressing effect of her husband's artificial hilarity. She did not betray the shock which she experienced on observing how greatly changed her friend was since he had been with her and her sister at Ranelagh. She met him with a laugh and a cry of "You have never come to us without your scratch-wig? If you have forgot it, you will e'en have to go back for it."

The allusion to the merriment which had made the house noisy when he had last been at Barton caused Oliver to brighten up somewhat; and later on, at dinner, he yielded to the influence of Katherine Bunbury's splendid vitality. Other guests were at the table, and the genial chat quickly became general. After dinner, he sang several of his Irish songs for his friends in the drawing-room, Mary playing an accompaniment on the harpsichord. Before he went to his bed-room he was ready to confess that Mrs. Horneck had judged rightly what would be the effect upon himself of his visit to the house he loved. He felt better—better than he had been for months.

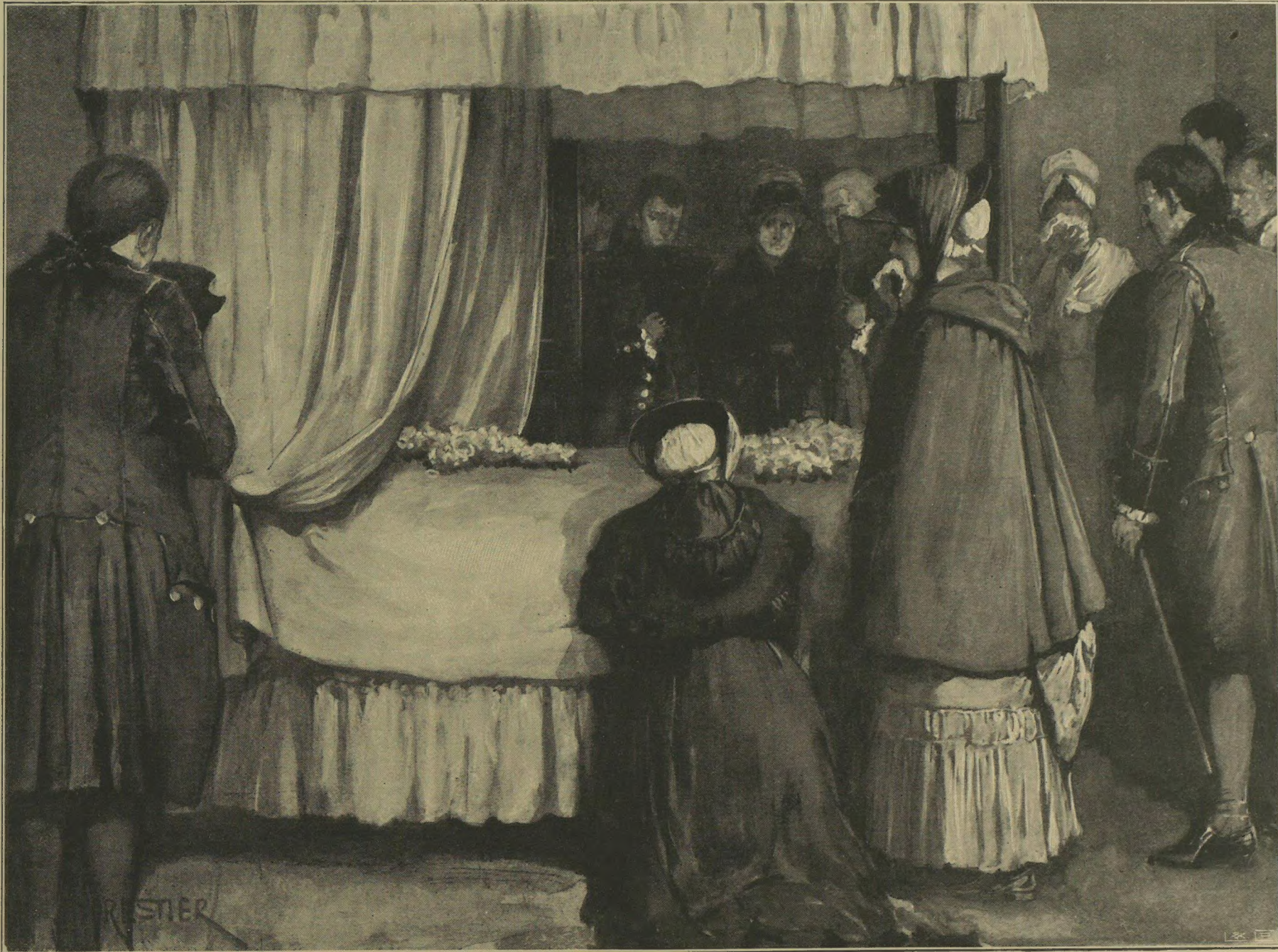
In the morning he was pleased to find that Mary seemed to have recovered her usual spirits. She walked round the grounds with him and her sister after breakfast, and

humorous fashion an incident which Mrs. Horneck had charged him to treat very seriously, was extremely embarrassing to his mission. How was he to ask Mary to treat as the most serious incident in her life the one which was every day treated before her eyes with levity by her sister and her husband?

And yet he felt daily the truth of what Mrs. Horneck had said to him—that Mary's acceptance of Colonel Gwyn would be an assurance of her future such as might not be so easily found again. He feared to think what might be in store for a girl who had shown herself to be ruled only by her own sympathetic heart.

He resolved that he would speak to her without delay respecting Colonel Gwyn, and though he was afraid that at first she might be disposed to laugh at his attempt to put a more serious complexion upon her rejection of the suitor whom her mother considered most eligible, he had no doubt that he could bring her to regard the matter with some degree of gravity.

The opportunity for making an attempt in this direction occurred on the afternoon of the fourth day of his visit. He found himself alone with Mary in the still-room. She had just put on an apron in order to put new covers on the jars of preserved walnuts. As she stood in the middle



She threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

She was speechless, but it was not in the nature of Bunbury to be so.

"Good Lord! Noll, what have you been doing to yourself?" he cried. "Why you're not like the same man. Is he, Mary?"

Mary only shook her head.

"I have been ill," said Oliver. "But I am better already, having seen you both with your brown country faces. How is my Little Comedy? Is she ready to give me another lesson in loo?"

"She will give you what you need most, you may be certain," said Bunbury, while the groom was strapping on his carpet-bag. "Oh! yes; we will take care that you get rid of that student's face of yours," he continued. "Yes, and those sunken eyes! Good Lord! what a wreck you are! But we'll build you up again, never fear! Barton is the place for you and such as you, my friend."

"I tell you I am better already," cried Goldsmith; and then, as the chaise drove off, he glanced at the girl sitting opposite to him. Her face had become pale, her eyes were dim. She had spoken no word to him; she was not even looking at him. She was gazing over the hedgerows and the ploughed fields.

Bunbury rattled away in unison with the rattling of the chaise along the uneven road. He roared with laughter as he recalled some of the jests which had been played upon Goldsmith when he had last been at Barton; but though Oliver tried to smile in response, Mary was silent. When

laughed without reservation at the latter's amusing imitation, after the manner of Garrick, of Colonel Gwyn's declaration of his passion, and of Mary's reply to him. She had caught very happily the manner of the suitor, though of course she made a burlesque of the scene, especially in assuming the fluttered demureness which she declared she had good reason for knowing had frightened the lover so greatly as to cause him to talk of the evil results of drinking tea, when he had meant to talk about love.

She had such a talent for this form of fun, and she put so much character into her casual travesties of everyone whom she sought to imitate, she never gave offence, as a less adroit or less discriminating person would be certain to have done. Mary laughed even more heartily than Goldsmith at the account her sister gave of the imaginary scene.

Goldsmith soon found that the proposal of Colonel Gwyn had passed into the already long list of family jests, and he saw that he was expected to understand the many allusions daily made to the incident of his rejection. A new nickname had been found by her brother-in-law for Mary, and of course Katherine quickly discovered one that was extremely appropriate to Colonel Gwyn; and thus, with sly glances and good-humoured mirth, the hours passed as they had always done in the house which had ever been so delightful to at least one of the guests.

He could not help feeling, however, before his visit had reached its fourth day, that the fact of their treating in this

of the many-scented room, surrounded by bottles of distilled waters and jars of preserved fruits and great Worcester bowls of pot-pourri, with bundles of sweet herbs and drying lavenders suspended from the ceiling, Charles Bunbury, passing along the corridor with his dogs, glanced in.

"What a housewife we have become!" he cried. "Quite right, my dear: the head of the Gwyn household will need to be deft."

Mary laughed, throwing a sprig of thyme at him, and Oliver spoke before the dog's paws sounded on the polished oak of the staircase.

"I am afraid, my Jessamy Bride," said he, "that I do not enter into the spirit of this jest about Colonel Gwyn so heartily as your sister or her husband."

"'Tis very foolish on their part," said she. "But Little Comedy is ever on the watch for a subject for her jests, and Charles is an active abettor of her in her folly. This particular jest is, I think, a trifle threadbare by now."

"Colonel Gwyn is a gentleman who deserves the respect of everyone," said he.

"Indeed, I agree with you," she cried. "I agree with you heartily. I do not know a man whom I respect more highly. Had I not every right to feel flattered by his attention?"

"No—no; you have no reason to feel flattered by the attention of any man from the Prince down—or should I say up?" he replied.

"'Twould be treason to say so," she laughed. "Well, let poor Colonel Gwyn be. What a pity 'tis Sir Isaac Newton did not discover a new way of treating walnuts for pickling! That discovery would have been more valuable to us than his theory of gravitation, which, I hold, never saved a poor woman a day's work."

"I do not want to let Colonel Gwyn be," said he quietly. "On the contrary, I came down here specially to talk of him."

"Ah, I perceive that you have been speaking with my mother," said she, continuing her work.

"Mary, my dear, I have been thinking about you very earnestly of late," said he.

"Only of late!" she cried. "Ah! I flattered myself that I had some of your thoughts long ago as well."

"I have always thought of you with the truest affection, dear child. But latterly you have never been out of my thoughts."

She ceased her work and looked towards him gratefully—attentively. He left his seat and went to her side.

"My sweet Jessamy Bride," said he, "I have thought of your future with great uneasiness of heart. I feel towards you as—as—perhaps a father might feel, or an elder brother. My happiness in the future is dependent upon yours, and alas! I fear for you; the world is full of snares."

"I know that," said she quietly. "Ah, you know that I have had some experience of the snares. If you had not come to my help what shame would have been mine!"

"Dear child, there was no blame to be attached to you in that painful affair," said he. "It was your tender heart that led you astray at first, and thank God you have the same good heart in your bosom. But alas! 'tis just the tenderness of your heart that makes me fear for you."

"Nay; it can become as steel upon occasions," said she. "Did not I send Colonel Gwyn away from me?"

"You were wrong to do so, my Mary," he said. "Colonel Gwyn is a good man—he is a man with whom your future would be sure. He would be able to shelter you from all dangers—from the dangers into which your own heart may lead you again as it led you before."

"You have come here to plead the cause of Colonel Gwyn?" said she.

"Yes," he replied. "I believe him to be a good man. I believe that as his wife you would be safe from all the dangers which surround such a girl as you in the world."

"Ah! my dear friend," she cried. "I have seen enough of the world to know that a woman is not sheltered from the dangers of the world from the day she marries. Nay, is it not often the case that the dangers only begin to beset her on that day?"

"Often—often. But it would not be so with you, dear child—at least, not if you marry Colonel Gwyn."

"Even if I do not love him? Ah! I fear that you have become a worldly man all at once, Dr. Goldsmith. You counsel a poor weak girl from the standpoint of her match-making mother."

"Nay, God knows, my sweet Mary, what it costs me to speak to you in this way. God knows how much sweeter it would be for me to be able to think of you always as I think of you now—bound to no man—the dearest of all my friends. I know it would be impossible for me to occupy the same position as I now do in regard to you if you were married? Ah! I have seen that there is no more potent divider of friendship than marriage."

"And yet you urge upon me to marry Colonel Gwyn?"

"Yes—yes—I say I do think it would mean the assurance of your—your happiness—yes, happiness in the future."

"Surely no man ever had so good a heart as you!" she cried. "You are ready to sacrifice yourself—I mean you are ready to forego all the pleasure which our meeting, as we have been in the habit of meeting for the past four years, gives you, for the sake of seeing me on the way to happiness—or what you fancy will be happiness."

"I am ready, my dear child: you know what the sacrifice means to me."

"I do," she said after a pause. "I do, because I know what it would mean to me. But you shall not be called to make that sacrifice. I will not marry Colonel Gwyn."

"Nay—nay—do not speak so definitely," he said.

"I will speak definitely," she cried. "Yes, the time is come for me to speak definitely. I might agree to marry Colonel Gwyn in the hope of being happy if I did not love someone else; but loving someone else with all my heart. I dare not—oh! I dare not even entertain the thought of marrying Colonel Gwyn."

"You love someone else?" he said slowly, wondering. "For a moment there went through his mind the thought—"

"Her heart has led her astray once again."

"I love someone else with all my heart and all my strength," she cried; "I love one who is worthy of all the love of the best that lives in the world. I love one who is cruel enough to wish to turn me away from his heart, though that heart of his has known the secret of mine for long."

Now he knew what she meant. He put his hands together before her, saying in a hushed voice—

"Ah, child—child—spare me that pain—let me go from you."

"Not till you hear me," she said. "Ah! cannot you perceive that I love you—only you, Oliver Goldsmith?"

"Hush—for God's sake!" he cried.

"I will not hush," she said. "I will speak for love's sake—for the sake of that love which I bear you—for the sake of that love which I know you return."

"Alas—alas!"

"I know it. Is there any shame in such a girl as I am confessing her love for such a man as you? I think that there is none. The shame before Heaven would be in my keeping silence—in marrying a man I do not love. Ah! I have known you as no one else has known you. I have understood your nature—so sweet—so simple—so great—so true. I thought last year when you saved me

from worse than death that the feeling which I had for you might perhaps be gratitude; but now I have come to know the truth."

He laid his hand on her arm, saying in a whisper— "Stop—stop—for God's sake, stop! I—I—do not love you."

She looked at him and laughed at first. But as his head fell, her laugh died away. There was a long silence, during which she kept her eyes fixed upon him, as he stood before her looking at the floor.

"You do not love me?" she said in a slow whisper. "Will you say those words again with your eyes looking into mine?"

"Do not humiliate me further," he said. "Have some pity upon me."

"No—no; pity is not for me," she said. "If you spoke the truth when you said those words, speak it again now. Tell me again that you do not love me."

"You say you know me," he cried, "and yet you think it possible that I could take advantage of this second mistake that your kind and sympathetic heart has made for your own undoing. Look there—there—into that glass, and see what a terrible mistake your heart has made."

He pointed to a long narrow mirror between the windows. It reflected an exquisite face and figure by the side of a face on which long suffering and struggle, long years of hardship and toil, had left their mark—a figure attenuated by want and ill-health.

"Look at that ludicrous contrast, my child," he said, "and you will see what a mistake your heart has made. Have I not heard the jests which have been made when we were walking together? Have I not noticed the pain they gave you? Do you think me capable of increasing that pain in the future? Do you think me capable of bringing upon your family, who have been kinder than any living beings to me, the greatest misfortune that could befall them? Nay, nay, my dear child; you cannot think that I could be so base."

"I will not think of anything except that I love the man who is best worthy of being loved of all men in the world," said she. "Ah, Sir, cannot you perceive that your attitude toward me now but strengthens my affection for you?"

"Mary—Mary—this is madness!"

"Listen to me," she said. "I feel that you return my affection; but I will put you to the test. If you can look into my face and tell me that you do not love me I will marry Colonel Gwyn."

There was another pause before he said—

"Have I not spoken once? Why should you urge me on to so painful an ordeal? Let me go—let me go."

"Not until you answer me—not until I have proved you. Look into my eyes, Oliver Goldsmith, and speak those words to me that you spoke just now."

"Ah, dear child—"

"You cannot speak those words."

There was another long silence. The terrible struggle that was going on in the heart of that man whose words are now so dear to the hearts of so many million men and women, was maintained in silence. No one but himself could hear the tempter's voice whispering to him to put his arms round the beautiful girl that stood before him, and kiss her on her cheeks, which were now rosy with expectation.

He lifted up his head. His lips moved. He put out a hand to her a little way, but with a moan he drew it back. Then he looked into her eyes, and said slowly—

"It is the truth. I do not love you with the heart of a lover."

"That is enough. Leave me! My heart is broken!"

She fell into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

He looked at her for a moment; then, with a cry of agony, he went out of the room—out of the house.

In his heart, as he wandered on to the high road, there was not much of the exaltation of a man who knows that he has overcome an unworthy impulse.

CHAPTER XXXII.

When he did not return toward night Charles Bunbury and his wife became alarmed. He had only taken his hat and cloak from the hall as he went out; he had left no line to tell them that he did not mean to return.

Bunbury questioned Mary about him. Had he not been with her in the still-room, he inquired.

She told him the truth—as much of the truth as she could tell.

"I am afraid that his running away was due to me," she said. "If so, I shall never forgive myself."

"What can be your meaning, my dear?" he inquired. "I thought that you and he had always been the closest friends."

"If we had not been such friends we should never have quarrelled," said she. "You know that our mother has had her heart set upon my acceptance of Colonel Gwyn. Well, she went to see Goldsmith at his cottage, and begged of him to come to me with a view of inducing me to accept the proposal of Colonel Gwyn."

"I heard nothing of that," said he, with a look of astonishment. "And so I suppose when he began to be urgent in his pleading you got annoyed and said something that offended him?"

She held down her head.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," said he. "Have you not seen long ago that that man is no more than a child in simplicity?"

"I am ashamed of myself," said she. "I shall never forgive myself for my harshness."

"That will not bring him back," said her brother-in-law. "Oh! it is always the best of friends who part in this fashion."

Two days afterwards he told his wife that he was going to London. He had so sincere an attachment for Goldsmith, his wife knew very well that he felt that sudden departure of his very deeply, and that he would try and induce him to return.

But when Bunbury came back after the lapse of a

couple of days, he came back alone. His wife met him in the chaise when the coach came up. His face was very grave.

"I saw the poor fellow," he said. "I found him at his chambers in Brick Court. He is very ill indeed."

"What, too ill to be moved?" she cried.

He shook his head.

"Far too ill to be moved," he said. "I never saw a man in worse condition. He declared, however, that he had often had as severe attacks before now, and that he has no doubt he will recover. He sent his love to you and to Mary. He hopes you will forgive him for his rudeness, he says."

"His rudeness! his rudeness!" said Katherine, her eyes streaming with tears. "Oh, my poor friend—my poor friend!"

She did not tell her sister all that her husband had said to her. Mary was, of course, very anxious to hear how Oliver was, but Katherine only said that Charles had seen him and found him very ill. The doctor who was in attendance on him had promised to write if he thought it advisable for him to have a change to the country.

The next morning the two sisters were sitting together when the postboy's horn sounded. They started up simultaneously, awaiting a letter from the doctor.

No letter arrived, only a narrow parcel clumsily sealed addressed to Miss Horneck in a strange handwriting.

When she had broken the seals she gave a cry, for the packet contained sheet after sheet in Goldsmith's hand—poems addressed to her—the love-songs which his heart had been singing to her through the long hopeless years.

She glanced at one, then at another, and another, with beating heart.

She started up, crying—

"Ah! I knew it, I knew it! He loves me—he loves me as I love him—only his love is deep, while mine was shallow! Oh, my dear love—he loves me, and now he is dying! Ah! I know that he is dying, or he would not have sent me these: he would have sacrificed himself—nay, he has sacrificed himself for me—for me!"

She threw herself on a sofa and buried her face in her hands.

"My dear—dear sister," said Katherine, "is it possible that you—you—?"

"That I loved him, do you ask?" cried Mary, raising her head. "Yes, I loved him—I love him still—I shall never love anyone else, and I am going to him to tell him so. Ah! God will be good—God will be good. My love shall live until I go to him."

"My poor child!" said her sister. "I could never have guessed your secret. Come away. We will go to him together."

They left by the coach that day, and early the next morning they went together to Brick Court.

A woman weeping met them at the foot of the stairs. They recognised Mrs. Abington.

"Do not tell me that I am too late—for God's sake say that he still lives!" cried Mary.

The actress took her handkerchief from her eyes.

She did not speak. She did not even shake her head. She only looked at the girl, and the girl understood.

She threw herself into her sister's arms.

"He is dead!" she cried. "But, thank God, he did not die without knowing that one woman in the world loved him truly for his own sake."

"That surely is the best thought that a man can have going into the Presence," said Mrs. Abington. "Ah, my child, I am a wicked woman, but I know that while you live your fondest reflection will be that the thought of your love soothed the last hours of the truest man that ever lived. Ah, there was none like him—a man of such sweet simplicity that every word he spoke came from his heart. Let others talk about his works; you and I love the man, for we know that he was greater and not less than those works. And now he is in the presence of God, telling the Son who on earth was born of a woman that he had all a woman's love."

Mary put her arm about the neck of the actress and kissed her.

She went with her sister among the weeping men and women—he had been a friend to all—up the stairs and into the darkened room.

She threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

THE END.

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In our Next Number we shall publish the opening chapters of a New Story by SIR WALTER BESANT, entitled "A FOUNTAIN SEALED," Illustrated by H. G. BURGESS.

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THE SHEPHERD'S CHRISTMAS.

By Wal Paget.

LITERATURE.

A GOSSIP AND AN EMPIRE.

The average man opens a volume by Mr. Vandam much as he opens a bottle of champagne. He wants picking up: he does not wish to pay the penalty in the morning. If the day be wet and the club distant, and the only man with a good story gone to Paris for pressing reasons, the hours are not to be suffered unless some gift of gossip such as this be at hand to defeat them. Even the suggestion of a serious historical thread will not warn off Mr. Vandam's unnumbered followers from the volume, *Undercurrents of the Second Empire*, which Mr. Heinemann now issues. We know at the outset that if there be a serious purpose it will, it must, play second fiddle to that mysterious relative whose note-book has won Mr. Vandam such a host of friends and readers. And despite the self-appointed mission of Mr. Gosse, who presently will make it known to Englishmen that there is a French tongue, the common man loves above all things to read of Paris. I say read; yet that is scarcely the word to apply to one of these inimitable books. It always seems to me, when I have a volume in my hand which bears the name of Albert D. Vandam, that some admirable *raconteur* is sitting in the best chair of the smoking-room and forgetting his cigar while he remembers a hundred new stories. Here and there, of course, the *raconteur* will slip, and an ear will be turned away. The story of Balzac and the village of Chaillot, for instance—that, surely, is scarce fresh enough to be the subject of an "unpublished reminiscence." But it would be hypercritical to pick and choose for the purposes of quarrel from a book which is crammed from cover to cover with good stories, and tells more about the Third Napoleon than the combined histories. The superficial student, who reads and rereads the schoolmaster's account of '48 and after, remains in a very mist of perplexity. That a man came penniless to Paris, and in four years was the Emperor of the French, is a story which the schoolboy lisps. The school-boy's father, meantime, has doubts of this and that; he tells himself that he can count but a few of the cards which formed a hand so perfect. He would like to know more, to pull aside the veil and watch the delicate machinery which contrived the stupendous result. It is upon this man that Mr. Vandam now takes pity. I make bold to say that in no attempt of the kind has the inner working of a great political creed been shown so clearly as in Mr. Vandam's volume. Now, for the first time, we understand the men and the methods which made the Third Napoleon an Emperor. Dupin, Fleury, Persigny, Véron—the creatures play their parts for us before an audience of one—the reader. We move a piece and hesitate to move another because some good story is ringing in our ears. Mr. Vandam realises well enough how limited is the normal appetite for the tougher meats of history. Tricked out, however, with the sauce of anecdote—as here—and served with all wit and the spirit of our first *raconteur*, the dish assuredly is one of the best that the autumn has given us. A vastly amusing book indeed, which must find an enormous public.—M. P.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

It is odd to find an argument for the divine origin and maintenance of the Roman Catholic Church similar to that which in the second tale of Boccaccio is humorously represented as convincing and converting the Jew Abraham urged seriously in *Sketches and Stories (Grave and Gay)* (Archibald Constable and Co.). As the infamies of the Borgias and their Court convinced Abraham that a Church which could survive such scandals must be divinely upheld, so Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's representative of a "Catholic Noble Family" contends that the survival of his Church of the revelations of science and of the attacks of the Revolution is of itself an adequate miraculous evidence of its truth. This argument shook Mr. Carmichael himself so much that only his shrinking from "even the light yoke and easy burden of Catholicism" saved him from conversion. But surely, if the revelations of science are false, there is nothing miraculous in the power of the Church to withstand them; whereas, if they are true, they are at least as divine as the Church claims to be. Mr. Carmichael seems equally impressed by the assertion that, "Once let a Catholic and legitimate sovereign be restored to his throne—once, that is, that there is a free and secure recruiting ground in some corner of Europe—and there will gather together for the re-establishment of the temporal power of the Pope such an army of crusaders as the world has never seen." But Garibaldi, with God presumably against him, did not need these countless thousands or this vast fulcrum and "pou sto" of a kingdom to overturn the temporal power. This sort of vapouring reminds one of the supposed boast of the Fenian—that he had three hundred thousand men enrolled, drilled, and equipped who would free Ireland to-morrow—but for the police. Of the stories and sketches which fill up the volume, there is not much to be said. They are light and bright certainly, but also rather crude and thin.

The beautiful *Temple Shakespeare* of Messrs. Dent—perhaps the most artistic series of shilling volumes ever published in this country—has been completed, the sonnets just having appeared with the admirable preface, glossary, and notes which Mr. Gollancz has contributed to the edition. It is not surprising that the series has been a great success, nearly half a million having been sold. We are now to have a similar series dealing with the great Elizabethans, edited by different authorities. Sir George

Newnes's twelve volume edition of Shakspeare is also completed.

Those who say that the poets of to-day do not touch the chords of common life do not speak of universal things, but only of abnormal experiences and artistic sensations—and the thing is said constantly—cannot know the work of Mr. John Davidson. His verse-books, at least, have rushing human life in their veins. Perhaps it is the humanity of his poetry that makes it so exasperatingly imperfect. Imperfect as it is, even to blundering at times, it is nearly all interesting, and sometimes magnificent. The ill-made "Ballad of a Workman," in his volume of *New Ballads* (John Lane), is studded with gems, and it flashes out its purpose at the end in fine style—

Even to be still, abiding fate,
Is kingly ministry to men!
I drop the dream of high renown:
A nameless private in the strife,
Life, take me; take me, clanging town;
And death, the eager zest of life.

As one reads his ballads one wants sometimes to tell the stories in them over again and otherwise; but he never lets such presumption have a chance when he is recording his experiences under the open sky or between the hedges of a country lane. He decks all his poetic house with country spoils; and though he is not uniformly healthy, he cannot be decadent, working in an air laden with country scents. But, indeed, he is very far from the decadent standpoint, against which is levelled the finest



WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XX.—MR. ALBERT D. VANDAM.

Mr. Albert D. Vandam, whose new volume, "Undercurrents of the Second Empire," is reviewed on this page, is well known to our readers as the writer of our weekly column entitled "Anecdotal Europe." Born some fifty and odd years ago, he spent his boyhood chiefly in Paris, and knew no schooling of the usual kind save for eighteen months at Aix-la-Chapelle. Mr. Vandam is of foreign extraction, but his reputation as the author of "An Englishman in Paris" has established for him an English character which he accepts none the less that he never claimed it for himself. Long before the appearance of "An Englishman in Paris" in 1892 Mr. Vandam was in the thick of literary work. He has been a constant contributor to the London Press for some four-and-twenty years. His "Every Day Heroine" and his "Amours of Great Men" were published in the seventies, and for five years he was the Paris Correspondent of an English contemporary, after which he became the London Correspondent of *Le Temps*.

poem in the volume, "A Ballad of a Poet Born." Its hero is hailed as a true singer from the first, but he chooses to win bread for his mother and sisters. That takes time and all his force. Life only gives him leisure for song at the end and after he has drunk the full cup of misery. A younger singer, a beardless boy, is denouncing the horrid, tricky, useless game of human existence, when the old man rises, and changing the tune, sings—

Of spring that haunts the world and hides
Her flowers among the snow;
Of Love, of Love, the wild, sweet scent
Of flowers, and words, and lives,
And royal Nature's urgent bent
Whereby the world survives.

Manufactured poets, such as are falsely stimulated to verse-making, may sing otherwise, but this, Mr. Davidson declares, is—

The song the poet born shall sing
Until the end of Time.

Of late the allegory has come into considerable favour, and the author who has chosen this medium for spiritual revelation most consistently and successfully is Mr. Coulson

Kernahan. Indeed, this prose-poet's fame rests, in the main, upon a series of religious allegories, written at white heat of emotional fervour. Of such sort were the "Dead Man's Diary" and "A Book of Strange Sins," but there the ethical object was largely subordinated to the art of the novelist. In "God and the Ant," the thin veil of fiction was practically discarded, and we saw the rapt countenance of a religious enthusiast. So, too, it is with *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil* (James Bowden). Seer-like, our author imagines a civilisation hardened into materialism, and indifferent to the appeal of "the Man of Sorrows," which repairs to Rome to renounce "the deceiver," and to declare its allegiance to the one God. Then follows a series of visions picturing the aspect of a "Christless world," and illustrating "all that the great name of Jesus means" to oppressed humanity. Upon these dream fancies Mr. Kernahan has lavished a wealth of poetic imagination and delicate language, to say nothing of moral enthusiasm and fiery eloquence. The simple elegance of his diction, the picturesque strength of his narrative, and the beauty yet the appropriateness of his metaphors are plain for all to see. There are thoughts, too, that if not new, are expressed in a score of happy phrases. The orthodox may complain that the new apologia attaches too much importance to the sentimental side of Christianity and regards the Gospel more as a panacea for human suffering than as a rule of life with a doctrinal basis. Other readers, no less devout, will conceive our author as misrepresenting the attitude of contemporary science and as emphasising unduly hard and fast creeds. And these will point with some glee to the mistake which includes Milton—a confirmed Arian—among the champions of orthodoxy, and will maintain that the trend of modern thought is not away from but back to the Cross. Yet all, of whatever school, must recognise the boundless charity, the literary power, and the intense sincerity of one of the most interesting books of the year.

The Lifeguardsmen (A. and C. Black), a Tale of the English Revolution of 1688, is adapted from the Dutch of Hendrik Jan Schimmel, only one of whose books has hitherto appeared in English. Although the original has been considerably cut, the canvas is still crowded with thrilling incidents. Captain Semeyns was sent on in advance of William from the Hague in October 1688, taking with him some papers to Lord Sunderland. Having fulfilled his commission, he went into temporary hiding in the lonely house of a Dutch lapidary at Shepherd's Bush, and there he met a young girl called Nelly. She was the *dear ex machina* of his fortunes. The illegitimate daughter of Lady Dorchester, who figures in the novel as Lady Banchester, she inherited all the evil propensities of her mother, and practically seduced the grave Dutchman, though he was twice her age and had a wife with two children in Holland. She followed him in the disguise of a boy, and when he came to town they kept house together in Cheapside. Faithless, worthless, she soon had other lovers in her track, notably Edwin Daly, a creature of her mother, who plotted against William's life. Daly, stealing Semeyns' uniform and withdrawing by strategy the captain from his post, attempted to assassinate the "Dutch cheeseman" at Holland House. Semeyns was arrested as the traitor and disgraced. Then we find him a humble private in the French Huguenot army in Ireland, whither his wife had followed him. Daly again appears on the scene, and is frustrated in a second attempt to kill the King. Semeyns saves William with his own life, and dies in the arms of his wife. That is the bones of the romance. There runs through it a strong ethical purpose—a man falling and working his way back to righteousness by a hard and stony way. But the book is not didactic. It is primarily a romance, a story of thrilling adventure, and moves forward with dramatic spirit from point to point. Its adaptation has evidently been a labour of love, and the conscientiousness with which the work has been done will be appreciated by the reader.

Among the new features of *Young Ireland*, as just issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is the admirable final revision of Sir Gavan Duffy's collection of portraits. As a matter of fact, it was the portraits which gave to this book, in its first shape, what was, if not its highest merit, certainly its most widely acknowledged charm. No one who has read "Young Ireland" in the form in which it appeared some fifteen years ago will have forgotten the masterly full-length portraits of O'Connell and Davis, of Dillon and Smith O'Brien, to be found in its pages. Some will not have forgotten the brilliant miniatures to be found there of Isaac Butt, Clarence Mangan, John O'Connell, and Tom Steele—to name only four out of some fourteen. There are now pictorial presentments of these persons in the book—they form its so-called "illustrations"—but these presentations are not to be praised. They are, in truth, sorry things. It is the portraits of these men by Sir Gavan Duffy which are to be praised. Watts's painting of Carlyle is not a more remarkable achievement than Sir Gavan Duffy's painting of O'Connell. To find anything on canvas which at all resembles this writer's loving and reverent picture of Thomas Davis it would be needful to search through the pictures of that time when all art was Roman Catholic, and painting was an act of veneration. The portrait of Dillon is less finely touched, howbeit it is a good piece of work, and that of Smith O'Brien takes a peculiar value from the circumstance that it is one—the best—of the few pictures of this man in which he is painted with nothing of caricature. So much for good portraits in the text of a book, *versus* poor pictures interleaved.



CHRISTMAS VISITORS: FIELDFARES.

By Archibald Thorburn.



"A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YE!"

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

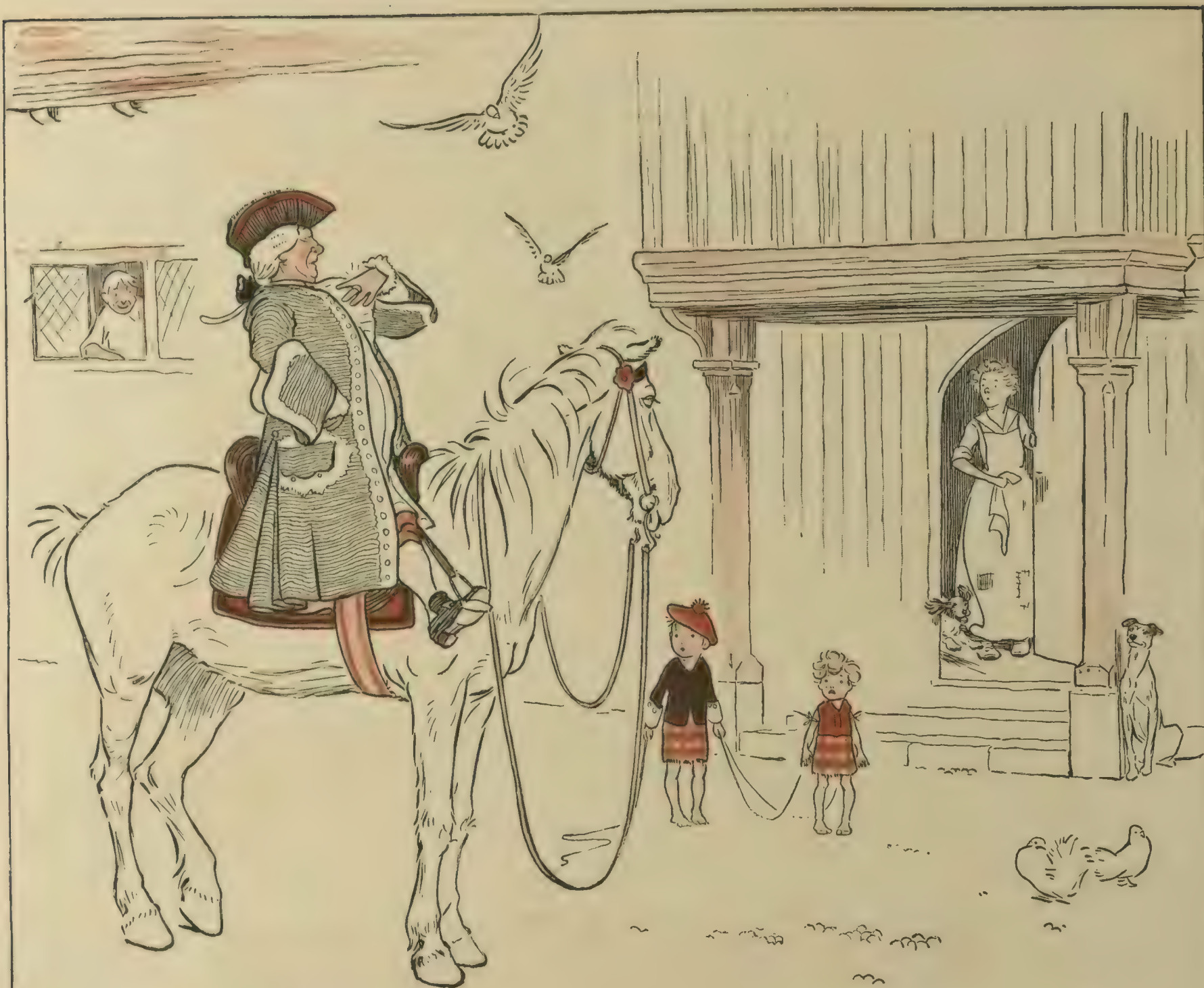


The laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the State,
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooing was fashious to seek.

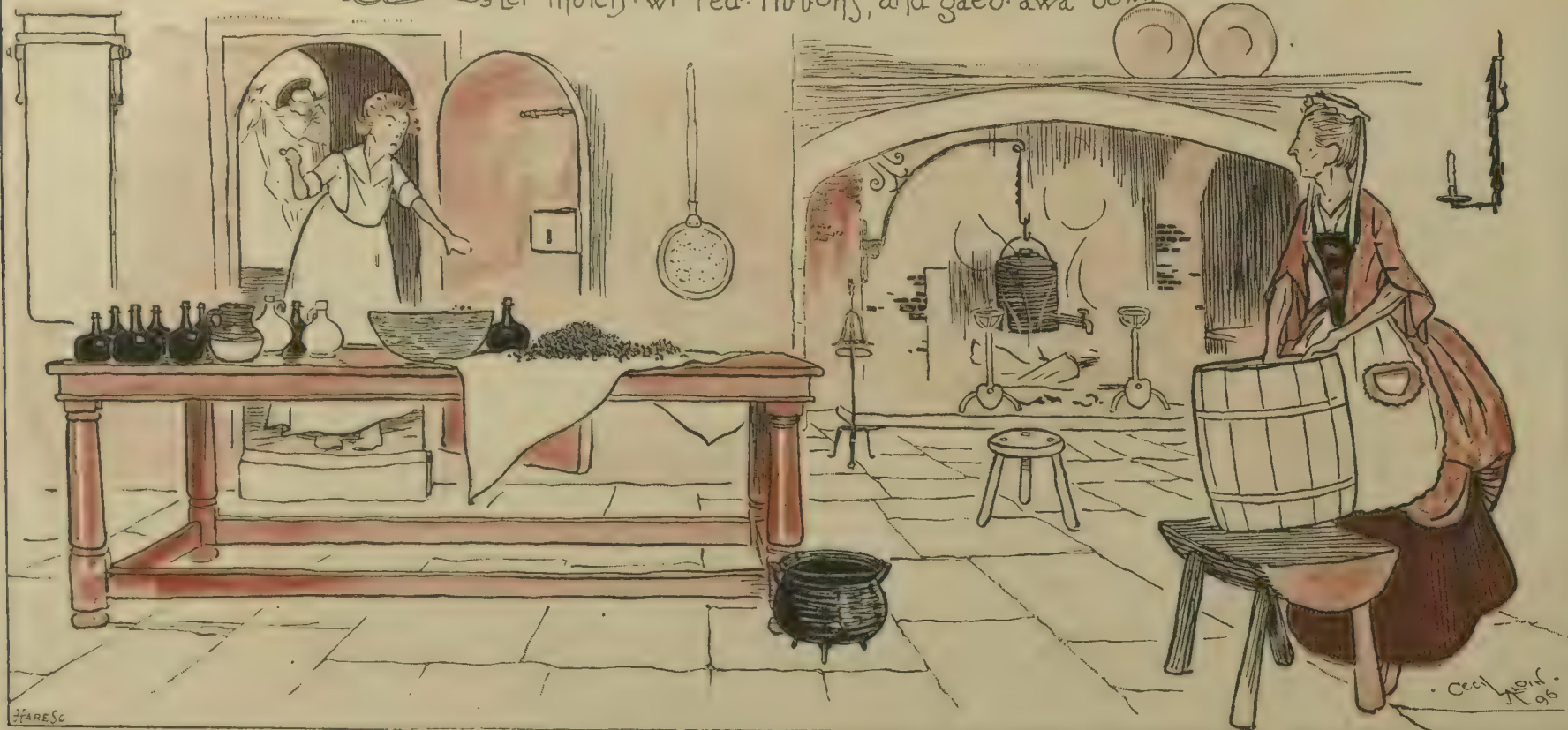
Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well,
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverie-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd and as gude as new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue,
He put on a ring, a sword and cock'd his hat,
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a that.





He took the grey mare and rode cannily —
 And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
 "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,"
 "She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen"
 Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine.
 "And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
 She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.



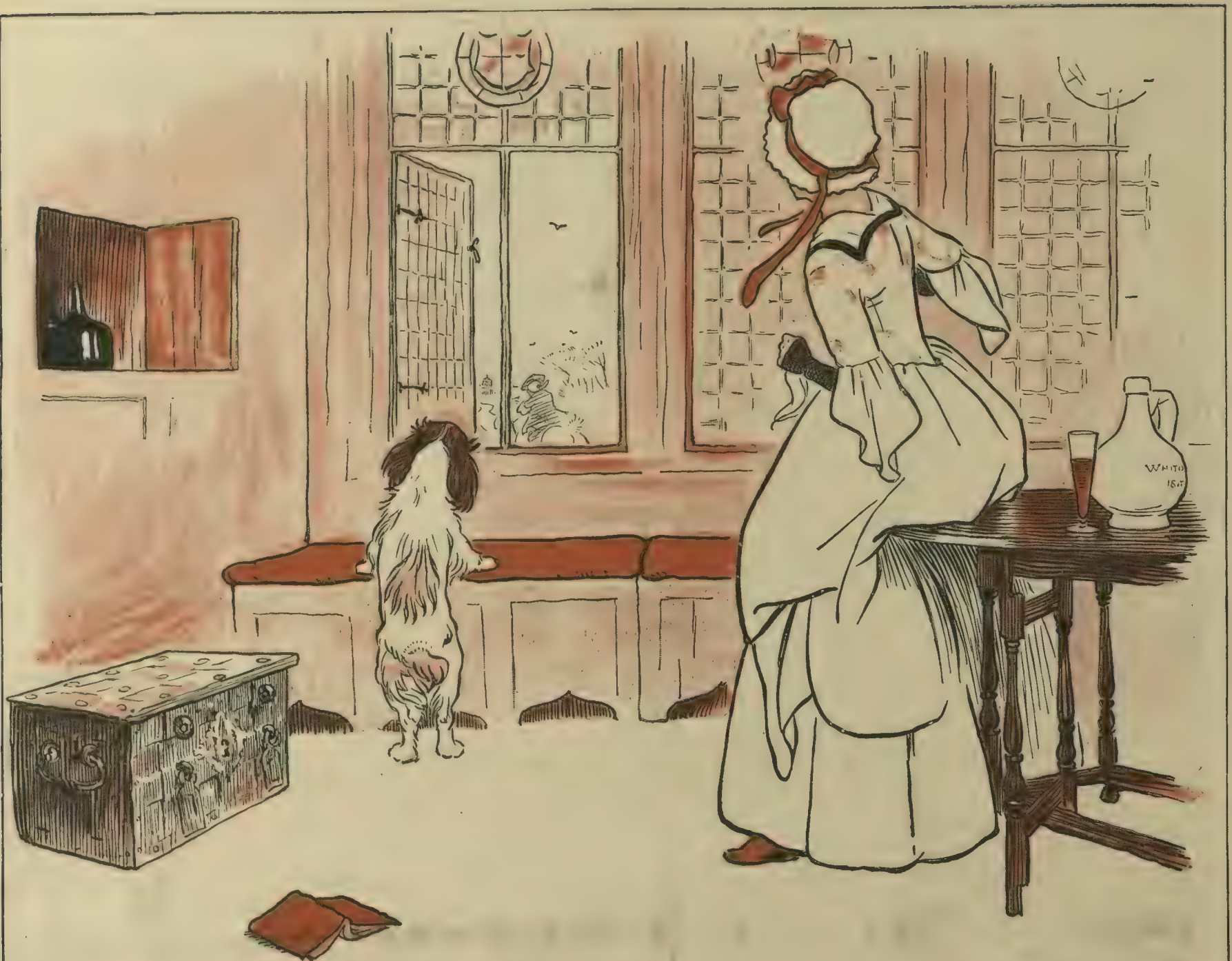


• ECLIPSE •
196

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the laird when the lady said, "Na;
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumbfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare he he rode cannily;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen
She's daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen.



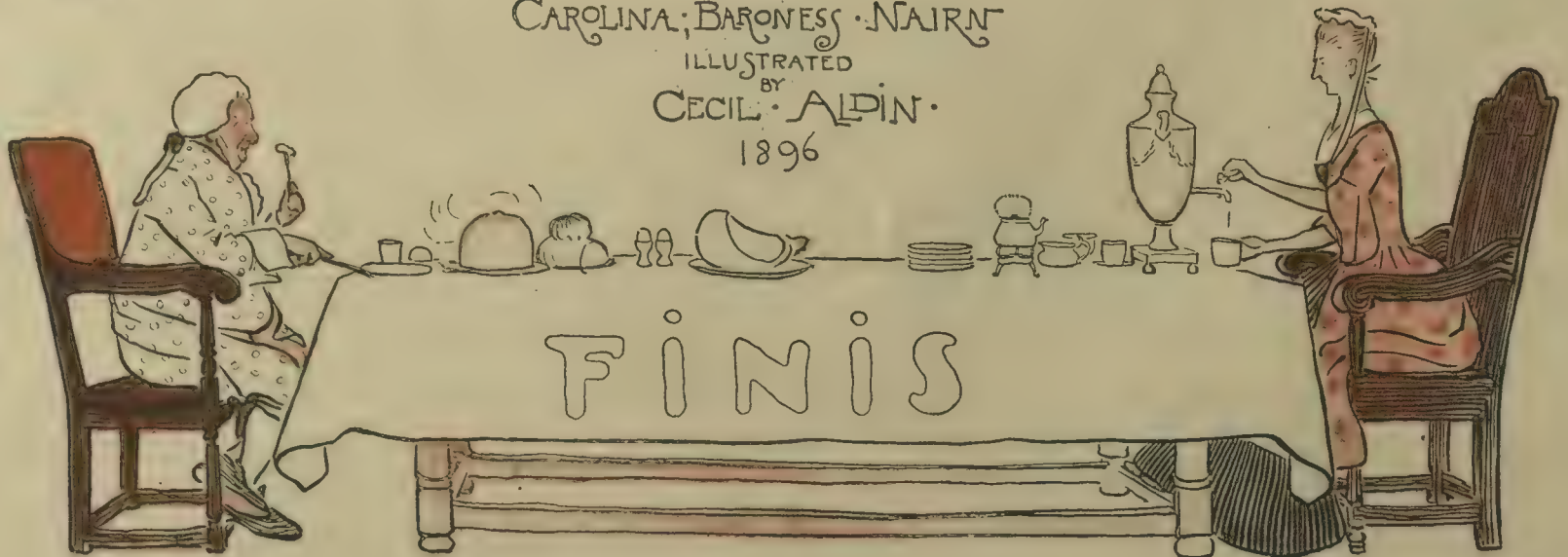


And now that the Laird his exit had made,
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
 "Oh! for one I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that Laird and Lady were seen,
 They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on the green.
 Now she sits in the ha' like a weel tappit hen,
 But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen."



BY
 CAROLINA BARONESS NAIRN
 ILLUSTRATED
 BY
 CECIL ALPIN
 1896



FINIS



VILLAGE CHARITY.

By A. Forestier.



A CHRISTMAS MARKETER.

By Davidson Knowles.

POMPEII, ILLUSTRATED FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS.



STRADA SEPOLCRI.



THE LATEST SCENE OF OPERATIONS.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Unless I am much mistaken, the coming year will not be many weeks old before Europe will find itself talking one morning about the Marquis di Rudini. The talk will not be of a highly sensational order, for the subject does not lend himself to it; nevertheless, it will be sufficiently interesting to those who, in view of the recent revelations from Friedrichsruhe and their contradictions from other quarters, have asked themselves about the probable fate of the Triple Alliance. In that admirable fragment of his, "Das Buch Lo Grand," Heine recounts how one day (in 1806, I believe), the inhabitants of Düsseldorf were startled by a placard on the walls, in which the Kurfürst announced his intention of retiring from the cares of State, and begged to thank his subjects for their past kindness and loyalty to him.

Now, without the smallest attempt or wish to prophesy, I have an idea that as soon as the New Year's festivities at the various Courts of Europe are over, we shall be pleasantly surprised by a somewhat similarly valedictory document from the Italian Premier to his hitherto two allies, Germany and Austria; or to speak by the card, by a notice of Italy's retirement from the Triple Alliance when the terms of it shall have expired.

The man who will dare to do this will, I am quite prepared to admit, deserve well of Europe and the civilised world at large. If, as I expect, this man be the Marquis di Rudini, neither the approval of Europe nor that of the world at large will have had the slightest weight in his decision, which will have been arrived at from sheer patriotism; and, what is better still, from a patriotism which believes, with Montesquieu, that those countries are the happiest that have no history.

The Marquis di Rudini, in spite of his avowed partisanship of the Triple Alliance, in spite of his having renewed it in 1891, has always held this opinion, especially with regard to Italy; but a Prime Minister of a Constitutional monarchy is not always the arbiter of his own doings, even if he have a respectable majority at his back. Such a majority was never vouchsafed to the Marquis in reality; even when it was apparent it was subject to too many fluctuations: there were on the one hand the fanatical partisans of Crispi; on the other those of Cavalotti.

Between Crispi and Cavalotti the Marquis di Rudini has played a waiting game, and now his time seems to have come; his party—if party it could be called until recently—has contributed much to the consolidation of Italian unity, but its programme, after having been subject to the transformations both of Crispi and Depretis, represents no longer that of a majority. It was, however, susceptible, in critical moments, of becoming a strong centre of resistance and perhaps of propaganda, and, after Italy's late reverses, the Marquis appears to have sedulously endeavoured to make it both.

The assumption is that he has succeeded, though of course it is far too early to pronounce definitively. But if success be within the Marquis's grasp, the result is calculated to surprise not only the outsider, just as the success of Cavour must have surprised those who only knew him casually, and merely as the great auxiliary of Victor Emmanuel, but the diplomatic world besides. For the Marquis di Rudini does not give one the idea of a mentally strong man. Bismarck said of an English statesman that he was "made of wood and painted to look like iron." The Marquis di Rudini is not even painted to look like iron. It is not that he lacks either in stature or width. At a rough guess, I should say that the Italian Premier is nearly as tall as Bismarck, and but for his stoop, taller than Lord Salisbury; yet he does not convey the impression of a man capable of dominating an assembly.

The Marquis di Rudini, if my memory is correct, is some years short of sixty, more than half of which time has been spent in the political service of his country. His début in political life was marked by a master stroke when he was Syndic of Palermo, and not much more than twenty-six or twenty-seven. A formidable separatist movement threatened Victor Emmanuel's Government in that very Sicily which it was Signor Crispi's boast to have secured for Italy. Rudini got the best of it, apparently without violent measures, without much talk, without much expenditure of energy. He was fair and soft-mannered then; the glass he habitually wears now, and which gives him a gentle look, was rarely out of his eye at that period. He has a long, fair beard now, the eyeglass never leaves him, he makes as little use of ample gesture as he did before, and his language has not increased in force.

This was the beginning of his political career. In 1869 General Menabrea entrusted him with the portfolio of the Interior in a short-lived Combination. Then came a period of inactivity, although everyone was agreed that the termination of it mainly depended on himself. But of tergiversation, so dear to the parliamentary leader of modern days, the Marquis would have none; and, as a consequence, he remained in the cold shade of the Opposition until 1891, after the fall of the first and ever-memorable Cabinet of Francesco Crispi.

There is no need to insist here upon the history of that succeeding Administration, but even then it was admitted on all sides, and notably by France, that it was honest. It was part of this honesty, which among many things asked for the suppression of two Italian army corps, that aroused the displeasure of King Humbert, who, perhaps, at that period was much influenced by certain too Chauvinistic parties in the army. If we read the signs of the times correctly, Rudini will ere long revive these propositions, and the result will probably be different. The reduction of two corps d'armée will be the first visible sign that Europe is no longer going to be held in check by a blood and iron policy, and the Marquis di Rudini will be fitly credited with having inaugurated a new era.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

P G L F.—We much regret not having answered you before, but we were not favourably impressed with your problem, and have reconsidered it several times. We think it entirely does you justice.

J MACDONALD (Helenburgh).—If White plays R to K 4th at once for his first move, how is the mate delayed beyond two moves?

F N BRAUND (Farnham).—Thanks for the game, which shall have our attention.

F H BUTLER (Providence, U.S.A.).—Your problem is correct, but not quite up to our standard of publication.

R A CHIVILE, W A CLARK, and W B MUIR.—Your problems are marked for insertion.

FIDELITAS.—We regret your last problem is rather too weak for our use.

PHON.—Amended positions to hand.

G DOUGLAS ANGUS.—Thanks for problem, which we hope to find all right.

C W (Sunbury).—Very pretty and, we hope, correct. Thanks for good wishes, which we heartily reciprocate.

W DAVID (St Fagans).—You have not hit on the key move of Problem No. 2749, hence your difficulties.

FORTANTS (Brussels).—You will see you were credited with correct solutions in our last issue.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2743 received from C A M (Penang); of Nos. 2744 to 2749 from Evans (Port Hope, Ont.); of No. 2747, from Rev Armand de Rosset Meares (Baltimore, U.S.A.) and Eugene Henry; of No. 2748 from H Wilson (Belfast), A U Burrell, T G (Ware), J Whittingham (Welshpool), H S Brandreth, F J Candy (Croydon), A G Filby (Bromley), W Curwen Barrett (Manchester), W H Lunn (Cheltenham), and Colomann Serusey (Budapest); of No. 2749 from W S Beeston, J S Wesley (Exeter), Eugene Henry, T G (Ware), Frank R Pickering, W d A Barnard (Uppingham), Alicia, H Le Jeune, C W Smith (Stroud), Joseph Cook, J Bailey (Newark), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), R H Brooks, Ubique, Miss D Gregson (Manchester), J Barritt Clark (Penzance), T Roberts, Alex V M Thavenot, and Hugh Rolleston (Dublin).

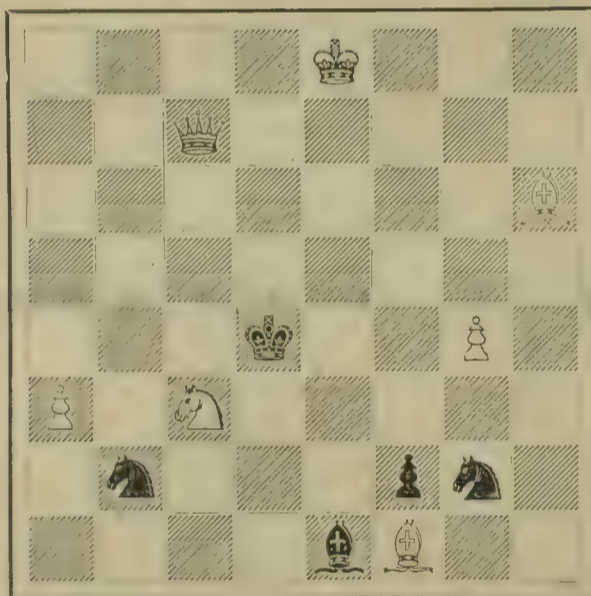
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2750 received from T Roberts, E Louden, F Anderson, W d A Barnard (Uppingham), J S Wesley, H Wilsen (Belfast), T C (York), Castle Lea, J Whittingham (Welshpool), George C Turner (Solihull Lodge), Thomas D Brett (Bletchley), Z Ingold (Frampton), Bluet, Oliver Isingla, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), F A Carter (Maldon), G S Smart (Kentish Town), G T Hughes (Portsmouth), C M A B, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), E B Foord (Cheltenham), G L Gillespie, E Arthur (Exmouth), Miss D Gregson, A Russell (Bickley), Alpha, Sorrento, F James (Wolverhampton), E P Vulliamy, W R Raillem, J F Moon, M A Eyre (Folkestone), G J Veal, Shadforth, W David (Cardiff), Hermit, T Chown, Charles Burnett, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), C E Perugini, Frank Proctor, T Batty (Colechester), Fred J Gross, T C, D C, Frank R Pickering, J Dodkins, and J Lake Ralph (Purley).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2749.—By A. WHEELER.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 5th. K takes Kt
2. Q to Kt 6th. Any move
3. Q Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2752.—By F. LIBBY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played at Karo's Café between Messrs. LEE and FENTON.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	19. P to Q 5th	Kt to B sq
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	20. R to K 3rd	B to B sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	22. B to K 2nd	B to R 6th
5. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	23. B to B sq	B to Kt 5th
6. P to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	24. B to Kt 2nd	B takes Kt
7. R to B sq	B to Kt 2nd	25. R takes B	
8. P takes P	Kt takes P		
9. B takes B	Q takes B		
10. B to Q 3rd	P to Q B 3rd		
It is very seldom that this Pawn can be played with advantage to B 3rd with the Queen's Bishop posted at Kt 2nd.			
11. Castles	Q Kt to Q 2nd	26. P to B 4th	Kt to K 2nd
12. Q to Q 2nd	P to K R 3rd	27. R to Kt sq	Q to Q 2nd
13. K R to K sq	Kt takes Kt	28. R to R 3rd	Kt to B sq
14. P takes Kt	Q R to Q sq	29. B to B 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd
15. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	30. Q to K 2nd	R to K 2nd
The right move, for had White been permitted to advance his Pawn to K 5th, Black's game would soon have become hopeless.			
16. Q to B 2nd	K R to K sq	31. B to Kt 4th	Q to B 2nd
17. B to B 4th	Q to B 3rd	32. B to R 3rd	R to K B sq
18. Q R to Q sq	P to B 4th	33. R to K B sq	R (B sq) to K sq
Black can find no way of breaking through, so the game was abandoned as drawn.			

We learn with sincere regret of the death of Mr. A. F. Mackenzie, of Jamaica, whose brilliant powers as a composer have been in evidence all the world over during the last fifteen years. Some months ago, as we announced at the time, his eyesight totally failed him, and this but proved the prelude to a general failure of vital functions.

"Examples of Chess Master Play," third series, edited by C. T. Blanshard, M.A. (London: The British Chess Company), is a compilation principally of games played in the Leipzig Tournament of 1894 and the Hastings Congress of 1895. The notes are gathered from many sources, without any distinctive character calling for attention, but the convenience of having so many good games in so small a compass warrants a favourable notice of the work.

All military people will welcome the handsome first volume of "The War Medal Record," which Messrs. Spink have just completed. It receives a further value for the addition of a complete index to Captain Tancred's "Historical Record of Medals," and from the numerous reproductions, though the latter are capable of great improvement, especially the woodcuts. To students of heraldry, the *Quarterly* which is issued by Mr. Thomas Moring, the well-known heraldist, has much interest.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

When these lines see the light of day in print, Christmas will have dawned once more upon us. I may be permitted, perhaps, to wish the readers of this column all the good things they could wish for themselves. I do so very heartily, for one reason at least—namely, that our weekly chats about science in this place have brought me into contact with many of my readers through their correspondence, and have elicited expressions of opinion from them regarding current topics which have been of interest and of service in the exposition of many debatable points. Looking back to the days when this column was first projected, I think I may fairly claim for our work that it fills its own little niche in the great journalistic fabric.

For any suggestions and for any help in the way of making this column interesting, and, above all, useful in an educational sense, I shall be grateful. I do not expect that there will be universal agreement with the opinions I may express now and then concerning debatable matters. To hope for such constant unanimity of opinion would be equivalent to entertaining a belief in one's own infallibility. I have not yet reached this stage of mental decrepitude, and so I hope my readers, as heretofore, will not hesitate to criticise as freely as they may praise. The one and only stipulation I should like to make in this matter of criticism, is, that the rules of ordinary courtesy should be observed in the expression of opinions which are antagonistic to mine. The vast majority of my correspondents write kindly and as become educated men and women; but there are a few—happily, very few—to whom an appropriate Christmas present would be a primer of etiquette, a manual on the practice of politeness, or a guide to the art of reasonable correspondence. The lady, for example, who occasionally writes to me from Brighton (anonymously, of course), who practically disagrees with everything I say, and whose mildest terms of reproach are "ass" and "fool," might, I think, be requested to remember that "abuse isn't argument."

Similarly the vegetarian gentleman who writes from the Midlands, and who thinks the Millennium will dawn when the butchers' shops vanish away, might find something a little less vituperative in the way of address than to term me "a gluttonous carnivore." I assure him that while I appreciate my chop, I do not neglect potatoes and other vegetable esculents, and that so far from being a carnivore, I am an omnivore like himself, for he confesses to taking milk and eggs, which are not plant-products as far as I know, but the offerings of the animal world. Again, as he objects "to killing anything," what does he say to his cooking an embryo bird every time he boils an egg?

A letter reaches me to-day, inviting my co-operation in the condemnation of the irrational shoes worn by women at large. The writer is a lady whose ire has been excited by the "monstrous heels" of the fashionable shoes. I do not desire to trespass on any other department of this journal, but if any expression of opinion regarding the absurdity of putting two inches of false heel beneath the natural heel-bone of the human foot be of service, then my correspondent is fully welcome to utilise this view of mine to the full in her efforts to reform a foolish custom. She will find all needful support from the anatomist: for high heels destroy the arch of the foot, and send the weight of the body unduly forward on to the toes. High heels are vagaries of fashion. In this respect they resemble tight-lacing. Both practices are an attempt to express some latent idea of beauty, an erroneous idea it need hardly be said, and one not consistent with health.

In the pages of the current number of a magazine intended for the edification of the fair sex, I read that the Louis XV. heel is to be adopted, and if ladies are to "be within the sacred pale of smartness" they must "steadfastly abjure the boot which breathes (*sic*) only of durability." This is the sort of feminine gush which fosters unhealthy fashions by making it appear that only the things which are "smart" are to be regarded as beautiful or comely. Yet the very boot-maker's advertisements which give two-inch heels and worse, show "walking shoes" with broad sensible heels. If the sensible heel is adapted for walking purposes, may a mere man, himself possessing a human heel, inquire for what purpose are the two-inch "Louis XV." heels intended?

The "luscious bivalve" has again been coming to the front as an object of sanitary criticism. The Report of the Local Government Board's medical officer for 1894-95 contains a paper on the condition of oyster culture and storage which should interest the public in no small degree. Dr. T. Bulstrode and Dr. Klein have collaborated in the preparation of the paper in question, and they present a very strong case indeed for the absolute necessity of ensuring that oysters should be laid down in pure waters only. If the public cannot have some guarantee that the oysters they consume are uncontaminated by sewage, and that they are free from all risk of conveying typhoid germs to their consumers, then the trade will proportionately and deservedly suffer.

If we are told that the oyster boxes float off Southend Pier in "dilute sewage," we can only hold that such a practice is a monstrous example of utter and wanton carelessness, or of ignorance of common sanitary conditions. At Wivenhoe the oyster-pits, we are informed, cannot escape contamination by sewage; at Grimsby, the oyster-storage is stated to be carried out under conditions of very dangerous character; and at Poole matters are equally offensive. With these facts before us I think we may hesitate to touch oysters until we receive some authoritative declaration that the unsanitary abominations have been remedied. Who is to tell the difference between a healthy, clean oyster and an infected Grimsby, Southend, or even Colchester native? The last-named Colne oysters are reported as being liable to pollution from Colchester and from Wivenhoe and Rowhedge sewage.



PTARMIGAN-SHOOTING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By Lancelot Speed.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

I wonder how many of us will be taking as the text for our summer clothes the frock worn by Miss Ellaline Terriss in the new play at the Gaiety Theatre. It is such a pretty frock, with its skirt of a vivid cardinal red lined with white silk, its overhanging bodice made of Irish lace cut in one, with the epaulettes lined with white lisse, and frilled down the left side with red chiffon; it fastens with two red



RED FROCK WORN BY MISS ELLALINE TERRISS
IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

buttons at the top, and a red buckle clasps the white waist-band, while the sleeves are entirely made of the Irish lace; and the hat with this is of drawn silk with white birds holding the brim back from the face. I can imagine the style most successful copied in white, with the Irish lace bodice, for the sake of economy, transformed into a bodice of embroidered muslin. And then, again, the same idea might be used with a bodice of fine lace of the imitation order; but, after all, why should I seek thus after thrifty substitutes? Sufficient for the day let be the frock of Miss Ellaline Terriss, which may be voted charming. And charming, too, is another dress she wears in the same play, strictly puritanical, in the faintest of grey, with the collar and sleeves of lawn, showing a broad hemstitching and an infinitesimally kilted frill. This is possessed of a long cloak, accordion-pleated, with three collars round the shoulders, edged with frills, and a full chiffon ruffle with long ends is tied in the front. By the way, Miss Terriss's evening dress ought not to be left out in the cold. It is the embodiment of simplicity, made of pleated lisse from neck to hem, with long sleeves slightly draped at the shoulder. It lacks all decoration save a sash of white moiré tied into a stiff bow at the back with very long ends. It might well serve as a model frock for the young girl at an evening party, and now I come to think of it, of such shall be the subject of my discourse to-day.

Once again the net, the tulle, and the muslin dress may be written down amongst the favoured of Fashion. The prettiest of the net dresses will be found trimmed with little flounces bordered with lace threaded with ribbons, these either being arranged in straight rows or reaching to the knee, or in vandykes to extend to the waist. The net dress need not necessarily be lined with silk for the young girl; it may well bear beneath it two skirts of muslin, when, of course, its price is small. The bodice, however, should boast its silken lining, its form of trimming to be arranged to match the skirt, while the décolletage can invariably find its decoration in a frill of lace tied with ribbons. And in most cases it will be found more becoming to the young girl to wear long transparent sleeves than short sleeves, these being somewhat trying to the angularity and redness of youth. A most effective muslin dress I was shown this week trimmed with graduated bands of white satin ribbon up to the knees, the bodice being covered with rows of this ribbon overhanging a narrow belt of the satin ribbon brought through a diamond buckle. The low bodice, which was cut round and had softly gathered sleeves to the wrist of the muslin, was outlined with a frill of Mechlin lace, the ends of this not meeting in the front, which was trimmed with a large bunch of white gardenias, scented to imitate

nature. A pretty custom this is to scent artificial flowers to simulate their sincere sisters, and it is most successfully achieved with violets and roses. Mentioning violets reminds me of a beautiful gown which owed its best triumph to these flowers. It was of the palest mauve satin, the skirt fringed with violets, trimmed at the knees with three rows of lace jewelled with amethysts. A bodice of the mauve satin overhanging a deep corselet made of amethyst jewellery and fastened at one side with three jewelled buttons was gathered round the décolletage, where it was edged with three tiny frills of pale mauve net, a large bunch of Parma violets concealing where it joined. The sleeves were of net traced with the amethyst jewellery again, and the gown must have been voted quite lovely even by the unappreciative.

A very pretty black evening dress may be achieved from a last year's white satin gown, which should be covered with black Russian net, trimmed round the hem with rows of black satin ribbon of different widths, and again just above the knees with the same decoration. The swathed bodice is the easiest to accomplish, disappearing into a narrow belt of the black satin, and revealing at the top a chemisette of gathered white tulle or net, the same fabric being permitted to make the short sleeves, which should be formed of pleatings. To such a bodice the finishing touch could well be put by a bunch of La France roses, or of nasturtiums—flowers in themselves not particularly decorative, but deserving of attention, inasmuch as they are smiled upon by the Parisian authorities. These same Parisian authorities are at the moment somewhat dumb; we hear little from them but their continued affection for pearls, their fancy for the short sac jacket, and that they are sharing our delights in artificial ice-skating, for which exercise they dress themselves with exceeding care in gorgeous velvet and furs, encircling their waists with jewelled belts, and wearing the most adorable of velvet toques, set at a right angle well down on their brows. Such pretty toques there are just now in Paris, some with gathered edges of velvet, others with fur, sable or ermine or chinchilla brims, most of these showing a group of plumes at one side fastened with a jewelled brooch and boasting just a couple of brightly coloured blossoms tucked beneath the brim at the back. A pale grey velvet hat trimmed with a group of grey feathers at one side, and some dark purple roses at the back, has just arrived in London from Paris, and in its company did I find a hat with a crown of gold and silver embroidery, studded with diamonds, gathered into a brim of chinchilla and trimmed at one side with two black paradise plumes of most superior quality. But the quality of the materials in French millinery is never strained.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Every year sees an increase in the success of the Needlework Guild founded by the late Lady Wolverton, in which well-to-do ladies make one or more garments, finding the material themselves, for distribution among the poor by means of recognised charitable agencies. All the royal ladies patronise the effort, and the Queen herself contributed to Princess Beatrice's "branch" a cot quilt knitted by her Majesty. The Duchess of Teck, at her branch, had no fewer than four thousand articles. This kind Princess makes a point of getting good clothing for gentlemen from men of wealth, and distributing it to the poor clergy and others, whose need to make an appearance is out of proportion to their means for getting dress.

One of the professions rigidly closed against women here is the legal; not only have they been refused leave to "keep terms" and go to the Bar, but even leave to article females to solicitors is declined by the powers that be. In the United States all barriers of this kind have long been down; Mrs. Bryan, the late Presidential candidate's wife, has been admitted to the Bar in Nebraska; the Assistant Attorney-General for the State of Montana is a lady, Mrs. Haskell; and even in the more conservative Eastern States women lawyers are fully recognised and allowed to conduct cases. Two of our own colonies, Canada and New Zealand, have followed suit to the States during the past few months. In the ordinance for admitting women to the Bar in the Canadian Supreme Court, the benchers have actually ventured on making a sumptuary law for their future colleagues. They are to wear in Court a "black dress, with white linen cuffs and collar," and are to be bareheaded—no "fetching" and distracting and ever-varying bonnets to impose upon the eyes of a jury!

But with lady pleaders there ought to go lady jurors. It would not only be fair to women engaged in litigation, but it would also balance the possible undue influence over susceptible male minds of a charming lady barrister. By the way, will some of my many readers whose husbands and fathers are "in the law" find out for me if there is really any legal obstacle as things stand to women being jurors? In a London coroner's court last week a woman, bearing the name of "Lois" Dennant, was summoned as juror, the coroner's officer mistaking the name for "Lewis." The lady sent a written excuse. What would have happened if she had not only appeared, but expressed herself desirous of serving?

According to Holingshed, quoted in Ridpath's history, women entering on the study of English law are only retaking possession of what belongs to their sex. The origin of the law in this country is said to have been a set of statutes devised by one of the British Queens who ruled as regent for her son, before Alfred the Great. The latter celebrated monarch adapted the laws of Queen Martha, surnamed Proba, or the Just, which included trial by jury, and property and other statutes. These laws were admired by future generations so much that the successors of

William the Conqueror were pertinaciously importuned by their subjects to adopt the old laws as their own, and did so in part.

Poor Mrs. Le Champion's tragic death is a commentary on the present dealings of the law with women. No man can begin to understand the passion of a mother's love for her baby; yet it is only ten years ago that mothers obtained any recognition under the laws of England, and even now Mrs. Le Champion had been severed from her baby with the law's sanction for ten months, and still remained so, though it had been legally admitted that her husband was so cruel as to justify her leaving him. Prior to the passing of the Custody of Infants Act in 1886, as a Judge said in the celebrated case of Mrs. Agar-Ellis: "The English law did not see the mother; it saw only the father and the child." But in 1886 an Act of Parliament was passed under which Mrs. Le Champion might have been later on awarded the custody of the child, if she had had patience and strength of mind to wait a little longer. Lord Beaconsfield says that the real cause of suicide is always lack of imagination; the sufferer cannot imagine how very different his painful circumstances may become in a while! But it is hard indeed for a mother to miss her little baby day by day, to believe that it is daily taught to recognise and love somebody else than herself, and to know that it is severed from the constant love and watchful care that we are apt to suppose nobody but ourselves will ever give our little ones. Surely, when there is nothing to be said against a mother in her maternal relation, there ought to be no question as to leaving her infant to her care; if for no reason of mercy to herself, at any rate because the other parent cannot personally attend to the child, and can but hand it over to another woman's charge.

Miss Breay's action against the doctor who refused to put to a meeting a resolution that she desired to move censuring a committee, was, it will be remembered, decided in her favour by a jury and by Mr. Commissioner Kerr, who heard the case. It has now been heard again on the doctor's appeal, and the decision is given against Miss Breay. The action, the Judges remarked, was without precedent. This is no doubt true; but, so far as that goes, a precedent of the kind might be useful, for if a chairman is able simply to refuse to put a resolution of censure on a committee, how can the members of an association carry any reforms? Men have their own plan to secure a hearing. If a chairman is, in the opinion of a minority powerful enough to make itself felt, unfairly ruling out of order any resolution that it is desired to move, there is too much "row" for the meeting to proceed. I know of no other safeguard than this against the all-powerful "authority of the Chair"; but this in a ladies' meeting is well-nigh an impossible course, and certainly an undesirable one. The law of public meeting is of course an unwritten one, and all lovers of order desire when possible to uphold the Chair's authority and



GREY DRESS WORN BY MISS ELLALINE TERRISS
IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

ruling, even when they disagree with it, because that tradition and practice alone make public meetings possible; but there is always the reserve of revolt in men's throats that can howl and feet that can stamp. But if women in case of real emergency cannot appeal to the law of the land against a chairman's course, what can they do? On the other hand, who would consent to take a chair when matters were in dispute if actions at law were a probable result?

F. F.-M.



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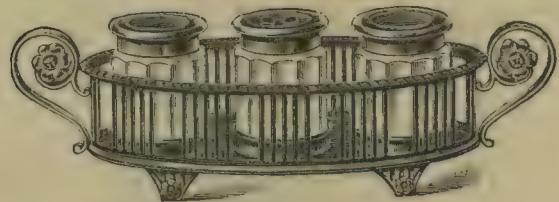
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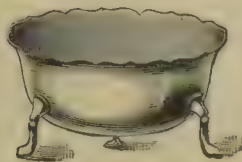
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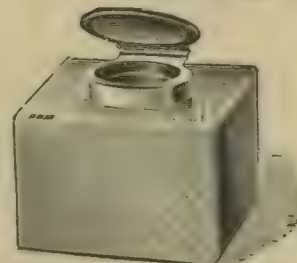
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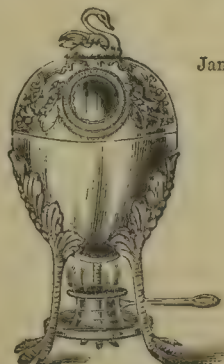
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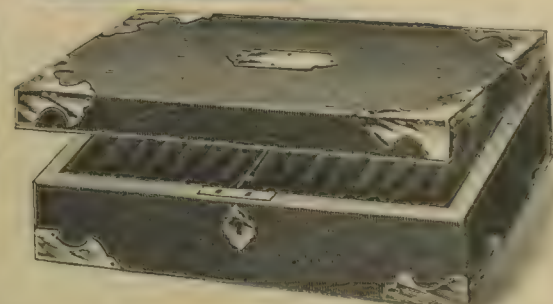
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FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In discussions of ancient Roman cockneyism and dropping the aspirate, I do not know if this example from St. Augustine's Confessions has been noticed. I quote the translation made in the reign of Charles I.

"He that teacheth according to the old tradition, if contrary to the order and use of Grammar, he shall pronounce without aspiration or H, this word *Hominem*, a Man, he shall more displease men, than if he hate a man contrary to thy Law, himself being a man."

Probably the aspirate was already being dropped, as in French *l'homme*, and purists were all the more careful not to omit their *h*'s. Doubtless the unsounded aspirates of modern languages derived from the Latin have been left out in consequence of the victory of the *h*-less classes, provincial subjects of Rome.

In the same way it is natural to expect that American and Australian peculiarities of speech, often originating among the non-English settlers of all races, will finally swamp and modify the English language. Already, in 1760, we meet the phrase "bush-fighting" in English. It seems to have come from America, brought over with the tidings of Braddock's defeat at the hands of Frenchmen and their Red Indian allies. Thereafter the British infantry were trained in "bush-fighting" manoeuvres. Bush-fighting occurs in Lady Mary Coke's Journal about 1770. It is also noted that she, the daughter of a Duke, used the phrases "this here" and "that there," as Prince Charles also did. Perhaps these were aristocratic peculiarities.

The writer of an anonymous letter, from Boston in Massachusetts, a letter on frilled paper, asks me why, in a *Life of Lockhart*, I did not quote certain allegations of Miss Martineau against him. The reason, my dear Anonyma, is, that whenever I could check Miss Martineau's statements by indubitable facts, Miss Martineau was, to put it mildly, inaccurate. When she had a grudge, she took the opportunity of a newly made grave, and discharged her spleen through an obituary notice in the *Daily News*. On these occasions she was frequently in error. (A.E.D.)

Mr. Mosher, the American pirate, is on me again, I hear, and is about to reprint, for the toiling and impoverished "scholar," an early book of rhymes of mine, now beyond the purse of all but the Vanderbilts and Astors of the Western world. This is a benevolent but superfluous enterprise of Mr. Mosher's. The Masses, who pine so much for

these verses of my salad days, have long been able to purchase them for half a dollar, "reviewed, corrected, and considerably augmented," but with four or five particularly tedious pieces omitted by the repentant author. The poor yearning American scholar has not hitherto shown any anxiety to sport his fifty cents in purchasing these effusions, and if he now patronises the pirate it will be not because he wants what he has always been able to get, but because Mr. Mosher's is a patriotic home industry, from which the British author derives no benefit. I was, indeed, enabled to purchase a cane fly-rod by my share of the profits of the American edition of my verses; Mr. Mosher, I trust, may be not less fortunate and successful. He will find Messrs. Hardy's rods, from Alnwick, superior to those of American manufacture, at least such is my experience. Of course I speak of trout-rods, the profits on minor poetry do not "run to" the price of a cane salmon-rod.

The "Life of Sir Kenelm Digby," by One of his Descendants, is certainly a diverting book. The Ettrick Shepherd accounted for some prodigious fact in the life of an ancestress of his own by saying, "Maybe my grandmother was an unco' leear." Perhaps Kenelm Digby was no better. He avers that he met a "Brachman" (an Esoteric Buddhist) in Spain, and that the Brachman introduced him, in a wood, to the astral body of his lady, Venetia Stanley, who defended her reputation; and made a prophecy, which "came off." Later, in London, Kenelm consulted, in company with Lord Bothwell, a medium named Evans. This Bothwell must have been Francis Stewart, son of the forfeited Earl, who once chased King Jamie down stairs with his royal breeches in his hand. His lands in Liddesdale were never restored to him, as Charles I. desired, by Buccleuch, whose representative still holds a good grip of the gear. He was the father of the Bothwell of "Old Mortality," the trooper, who was a third cousin of Charles II.

With Bothwell, Kenelm Digby went to Evans, who, like Mrs. Guppy, was carried away out of the séance and dropped in Battersea Park. Instead of raising a spirit, a spirit raised Evans, as our author puts it in a waggishness. All this may interest Mr. Stead, but Evans was a drunken dog, and probably strayed into the fields at Battersea out of a tavern.

Digby's sympathetic powder, or weapon-salve, was an Oriental secret, according to himself. He avers that he cured with it certain wounds of Howell's, the famous letter-writer. But Howell, though he speaks of Digby, and tells the full story of the White Bird of the Oxenham, and deals fondly with *diablerie* whenever he can get or make

the chance, never mentions his own experience of the weapon-salve. Digby, as already hinted, may not have been a very truthful man, though, of course, the salve may have been successful, by dint of "suggestion," also by giving wounds a fair chance of natural recovery without plasters and ointments.

Digby was a man of talent, fond of adventure of every kind, and an uncivil critic might call him a charlatan and a turncoat, in an age, to be sure, when Science dabbled in magic, and many coats were turned. His biographer inclines, one surmises, to think that his Memoirs were, in part, an avowed, or half avowed, romance, and to regard him as an amateur of a sort not without modern example. Digby's face in the portrait is against him—it has a look of Cagliostro, is a charlatan's face, in fact. However, Kenelm Digby's "Life" is an amusing book, and helps in our attempts to reconstruct the features of a curious age. Like Boyle and Glanvil, he was of the Royal Society, and, like them, was ready in science to "try all things," not being convinced that he knew, *a priori*, what is and what is not "possible."

Mr. Whibley, shattering our delusions, avers, in "A Book of Scoundrels," that Turpin never rode from London to York in a day. The real hero was Nicks, in the reign of Charles II. Turpin suffered in 1739. The York ride is attributed to him in a chapbook of 1808, and probably was so attributed earlier. The chapbook gives extracts from a report of his trial at York for stealing a black gelding, but the extracts neither confirm nor disprove the story of the ride. It is curious that so old a tale should have so soon become attached to the wrong man; but no doubt Mr. Whibley knows his subject.

A voice of lamentation is heard among the studios of Paris, and a common danger once more unites the rivals who have hitherto challenged public opinion at the Salons of the Champs Elysées and the Champ de Mars. The works for the Grand Exposition of 1900 have commenced, and both buildings are sooner or later to fall before the pickaxes of the "house-breakers." Where the pictures are to be exhibited for the next three years nobody knows, and apparently nobody in the official world particularly cares. Many temporary homes for the homeless painters and sculptors have been proposed, only to be rejected in scorn as unworthy receptacles; while every site suggested by the artists themselves is at once scouted by the Parisians as outraging some well-known artistic feature of their beautiful city, such as the Orangerie of the Tuileries, the Place du Carrousel, or the gardens of the Luxembourg.



Venie Belfrey.



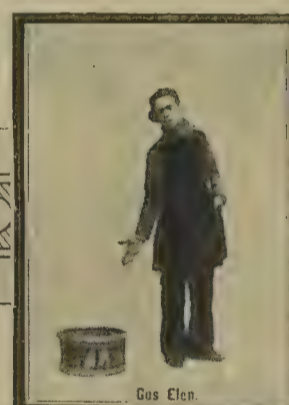
Laura de Nin.



Vesta Tiley.



Minnie Rose.



Gus Elen.



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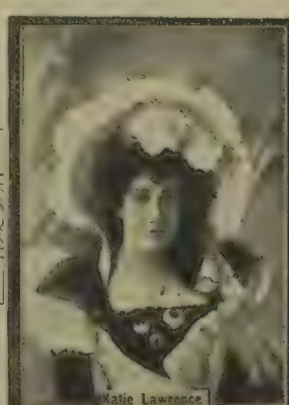
Dan Lena.



Cissy Loftus.



Maudie Ewart.



Katie Lawrence.



Agnes Hewitt.

SUNLIGHT & LIFEBOUY SOAP COMPETITIONS.

The first of these Monthly Competitions will be held January 30th, 1897, to be followed by others each month during 1897. Competitors sending in the most coupons win the best prizes, but every competitor sending in not less than 50 Sunlight, or 50 Lifebuoy coupons, wins a prize.

£66,156.0.0. in PRIZES of CASH, BICYCLES, **£66,156.0.0.**
WATCHES,[†] and BOOKS,

GIVEN FREE for SUNLIGHT and LIFEBOUY Soap WRAPPERS.

Rules.

1. Competitors may enter EACH or EVERY MONTH for EITHER or BOTH "Sunlight" or "Lifebuoy" Competitions, but must send in the "SUNLIGHT" or "LIFEBOUY" Coupons in SEPARATE PACKETS, carefully marked on the outside of the postal wrapper "SUNLIGHT" or "LIFEBOUY."
2. For this Competition the United Kingdom will be divided into Seven Districts, and the Prizes will be awarded every month during 1897 in each of the Seven Districts as stated below.
3. Competitors to save as many "SUNLIGHT SOAP" or "LIFEBOUY SOAP" Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP" or "LIFEBOUY SOAP." Enclose with these (called "Coupons") a sheet of paper stating Competitor's full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, and forward same (see Rule 1.) postage paid to Lever Brothers, Limited, Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, marked on the Postal Wrapper (top left-hand corner) with the NUMBER of the DISTRICT Competitor lives in, and the word "SUNLIGHT" or "LIFEBOUY," whichever coupons the packet contains.
4. The competition will CLOSE the LAST DAY of EACH MONTH. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next. All parcels on which Postage has not been fully paid WILL BE REFUSED.
5. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Lever Brothers, Limited, and their families are debarred from competing.
6. A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors in about 3 weeks after each monthly competition closes.
7. Lever Brothers, Limited, will endeavour to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that ALL WHO COMPETE AGREE TO ACCEPT THE AWARD of Lever Brothers, Limited, as final.



No. of District.	NAME OF DISTRICT.	PRIZES FOR SUNLIGHT COUPONS.	Total Prizes in all Districts during 1897.
1	IRELAND.	The 1 Competitor in each District who sends in the largest number of Sunlight Coupons from the District in which he or she resides, will receive £21 cash.	£1,764 0 0
2	SCOTLAND.	The 10 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, carriage paid, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's "Helical Premier" Bicycle,* with Fleuss Pneumatic Tyres, price £21.	17,640 0 0
3	LONDON, MIDDLESEX, KENT, SURREY.	The 40 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Rolled Gold Watch,† price £4 4s.	14,112 0 0
4	WALES, LANCASHIRE, CHESHIRE.	The remaining Sunlight Competitors will each receive Cloth-bound Books, by Popular Authors, in the proportion of 1 Book for every 50 Sunlight Coupons sent in.	10,000 0 0
5	NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, WESTMORELAND, CUMBERLAND, YORKSHIRE, ISLE OF MAN.	Total Prizes for Sunlight Coupons during 1897	£43,516 0 0
6	SHROPSHIRE, HEREFORDSHIRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, OXFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.	PRIZES FOR LIFEBOUY COUPONS.	
7	NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, ESSEX, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, HERTFORDSHIRE, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, ISLE OF WIGHT, CHANNEL ISLANDS, WILTSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, CORNWALL.	The 1 Competitor in each District who sends in the largest number of Lifebuoy Coupons from the District in which he or she resides, will receive £21 cash.	1,764 0 0
		The 5 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, carriage paid, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's "Helical Premier" Bicycle,* with Fleuss Pneumatic Tyres, price £21.	8,820 0 0
		The 20 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Rolled Gold Watch,† price £4 4s.	7,056 0 0
		The remaining Lifebuoy Competitors will each receive Cloth-bound Books, by Popular Authors, in the proportion of 1 Book for every 50 Lifebuoy Coupons sent in.	5,000 0 0
		Total Prizes for Lifebuoy Coupons during 1897	22,640 0 0
		GRAND TOTAL of all Prizes given for Sunlight and Lifebuoy Coupons, 1897	£66,156 0 0

* These Bicycles are the celebrated Helical (Spiral) Tube "Premier" Cycles, 1897 Pattern, Manufactured by the New "PREMIER" Cycle Co. of Coventry and 19 and 21 Holborn Viaduct, London, fitted with the Fleuss Tubeless Pneumatic Tyres and accessories. † These are 14-ct. Half-Hunter Rolled Gold Watches, jewelled 2-plate.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1892), with a codicil (dated Sept. 25, 1896), of Mr. John James, of 13, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, who died at Holybourne, near Alton, Southampton, on Oct. 30, was proved on Dec. 10 by Walter James, the brother, Frederick Woolfe, and Samuel Wilks, President of the Royal College of Physicians, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £84,213. The testator bequeaths £300 to the United Law Clerks Society; £200 each to the St. John's Foundation School, the London Orphan Asylum, and the Orphan Working Schools (Haverstock Hill); £50 to the Alton Cottage Hospital; and £50 to Miss Cooper, the matron thereof; £1000 each to his sisters Clara and Emily; £7000 to his brother Walter James; £5000 to his brother Herbert James; £2500 each to his nieces Edith and Ethel; £200 and his office furniture and library to his partner, Frederick Woolfe; 500 guineas to Samuel Wilks; and many legacies to relatives, friends, clerks, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his two sisters Clara and Emily, and the survivor of them. At their respective deaths they are to have power of appointment over £5000, and the ultimate residue is to go as the survivor of them shall appoint to their brothers, nieces, cousins, or descendants.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1896) of Mr. William Morris, of Kelmiscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, and of Kelmiscott House, Lechlade, Gloucester, who died on

Oct. 3, was proved on Dec. 10 by Frederick Startridge Ellis and Sydney Carlyle Cockerell, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £55,439. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects and books to the value of £500 to his wife, Mrs. Jane Morris, the original manuscripts of all his published works to Frederick Startridge Ellis, and £100 to Sydney Carlyle Cockerell. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £100 to Mrs. Emma Oldham; an annuity of £150 to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Burden; £250 per annum, during the life of his wife, to his daughter Mrs. May Sparling, and the remainder of the income to his wife. On her decease, one-half of the ultimate residue is to be held, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. May Sparling for life, and then as she shall appoint, and the other half, upon trust, for his daughter Jane Morris for life, and then as she shall appoint. He directs his executors to retain the copyright of his works.

The will (dated Oct. 30, 1884) of Mr. John Pepper, of Eaton Lodge, Putney, and formerly of John Pepper and Co., Limited, Tottenham Court Road, who died on Oct. 28, has just been proved by Miss Minnie Pepper, the daughter, and Joseph Wilson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £30,751. The testator gives certain leasehold premises at Morwell Street, Bayley Street, and Tottenham Court Road, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Pepper, for life, and then to his daughters

Mabel and Minnie; £50 to Joseph Wilson, and ten £100 shares of John Pepper and Co., Limited, each to his said two daughters Mabel and Minnie. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1895), with a codicil (dated July 9, 1896), of Mr. William Blencowe, of Brackley, Northampton, and Thornlea, The Drive, West Brighton, who died on Sept. 7, was proved on Nov. 27 by George William Rogers, Eldred John Brooksmith, and Robert Longman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £22,944. The testator, after stating that he has given various sums to his children in his lifetime, bequeaths £2000 to his son Robert; £1200 each to his daughters Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Driver; £900 to his daughter Mrs. Longman; £550 to his daughter Mrs. Brooksmith; £100 to Mrs. Durrant; £100 each to his sister-in-law Elizabeth Lea, his niece Elizabeth Geach, his brother Frederick Blencowe, and to his sister Mrs. Gostick; and all his debentures and shares in Blencowe and Co., Limited, between his said five daughters.

The will (dated April 20, 1893), with four codicils (dated April 20 and Nov. 3, 1893, and the other two dated April 20, 1896), of Mrs. Georgiana Grace Eckersley, widow, of Denby Old Hall, Denby, Derbyshire, who died on April 26, was proved at the Derby District Registry on Nov. 6 by Roby Liddington Thorpe, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £16,245. Among other bequests, the testatrix gives £100

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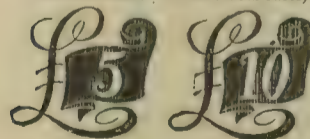
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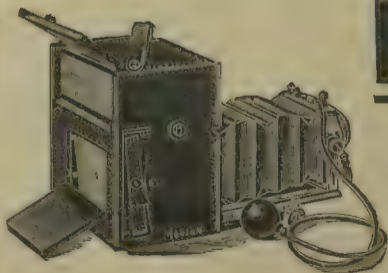
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each to the Derby Infirmary, the Children's Hospital (Derby), and the Deaf and Dumb Institution (Derby); £500, upon trust, to the vicar and churchwardens of the parish church of Denby, to apply the income in the purchase of Welsh flannel, to be by them distributed in the month of October among the aged poor of the said parish; £2000 to Mary Anderton Haslam; and £1000 to John F. S. Marriott. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her cousin, Mary Gregory.

The will (dated Sept. 17, 1890) of Mr. Henry Payne Moors, of 180, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, and formerly of the Gun Wharf, Devonport, Deputy Commissary General of Ordnance, who died on Oct. 31, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Anne Jane Moors, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £17,239. The testator gives all his property to his wife for her own use and benefit.

The will of Mr. John Ansell Day, of Uckfield House, Uckfield, who died on Oct. 7, has been proved by the Rev. Alfred Glennie Day, the brother, and James Crofts Ingram, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £14,507.

The will (dated Oct. 16, 1877) of the Rev. John Acland-James, of 18, Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, formerly a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, who died on Nov. 9, was proved on Dec. 3 by Mrs. Frances Matilda Acland-James, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £15,570. The testator gives his household furniture,

plate, pictures, etc., and also the funds of their marriage settlement, to his wife, and she is to have the income of his residuary estate for life. At her decease the ultimate residue is to be divided between his half-brother, Francis Hartopp Knapp, and his two half-sisters, or to the eldest child of them respectively living at the time of their death.

The will (dated May 3, 1894), with two codicils (one dated June 2, 1894, and the other undated), of the Rev. James Ind Smith, of Agra Villa, Lee, Kent, who died on Nov. 15, was proved on Dec. 8 by Edward Coffin and George Watson Smyth, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £12,666. The testator bequeaths £250 to Elizabeth Ind Scott; £200 each to Margaret Chapman and Emily Chapman; £250 each to Julia Marshall and Ellen Marshall; £100 each to Herbert M. Marshall, Martha Clayton, and Mary Grice, and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister, Emma Ann Smith.

The will (dated March 13, 1896) of Mr. Joseph Watson, of 43, Warwick Gardens, Kensington, who died on Oct. 29, was proved on Dec. 10 by Mrs. Hephzibah Watson, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £10,090. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The will of Major Edward Longworth Lister, J.P., D.L., of Twyn Bell and Cefn Ila, Usk, Monmouth, who died on July 29, was proved on Dec. 10 by Mrs. Elizabeth Margaret

Lister, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £9978.

The will of Mr. Francis Carnac Barnes, of 7, Park Place, St. James's, retired Indian Civil Servant, who died on Nov. 5, was proved on Dec. 12 by George Stapylton Barnes, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4416.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Wilkinson, the Rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham, has resigned the benefice. His successor will be appointed by the Simeon trustees, and will therefore be an Evangelical. A High Church paper expresses the charitable hope that "so long as the Rector is appointed on the conditions imposed by the trustees, he will continue to lack the directing power which his office entitles him to exercise, and that other leaders will do his proper work for him."

The Dean and Chapter of Peterborough say that there is now no longer a doubt as to the necessity of taking down and rebuilding certain portions of the west front of the cathedral. Others, however, maintain that this is premature, and the Society of Antiquaries are asking for delay.

Archdeacon Wilson, in reply to the charge that Seneca could have gained nothing had he been a Christian, makes quotations from the lecture referred to, in which he says that Christianity has absorbed most of what is best in

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The Rev. T. B. Pollock, of Birmingham, has died a year after his brother and predecessor, the Rev. J. S. Pollock. He was in the sixty-first year of his age. The brothers Pollock gave St. Albans their all—their prospects, their hopes of preferment, their money. Even the family estate in the Isle of Man was sold to assist in clearing off mortgages on the church, and then they built St. Patrick's. They gave themselves most devotedly to unremitting work, and may be said to have shortened their lives thereby.

A church census taken in Glasgow shows that while the population has greatly increased during the last twenty

years, there has been but a slight advance in the gross church attendance. It is computed that out of a population of 840,000 about 300,000 are unconnected with any Christian church.

Seven bishops are teetotalers: the Bishops of Chichester, Carlisle, Durham, Lichfield, Wakefield, Newcastle, and the Bishop-designate of Peterborough. One name in this list is not quite certain.

Mr. E. T. Hooley, the new millionaire, continues his bounty to the Church. He has become a member of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which is at present in an unsatisfactory pecuniary condition. He has also resolved to build a new church in the village of Draycott, in Derbyshire, where he "learnt the lessons of Scripture and of secular learning." Mr. Hooley says that there are five public-houses in Draycott—and he has no

wish to curtail their number—and that there are also chapels for the different religious denominations. But there is no institute or church. Mr. Hooley will repair these deficiencies "if God prospers him."

It is suggested that an opening for Mr. Dolling should be secured in Liverpool or Manchester.

Dean Farrar has been telling some stories about handwriting. Among them is this, which I have not previously seen: Owing to Dean Stanley's indistinctness of writing, and his habit of shortening Jerusalem to Jerus. in his manuscripts, an eloquent description of how, when the traveller, in his walk from Bethany, rounded the shoulder of the Mount of Olives, there suddenly burst upon his eyes a sight of the great city of Jerusalem, fell into the hands of his readers as an ecstatic eulogy of a magnificent view of Jones!

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DEATH.
On Dec. 12, at the Quinto de Cabo Ruivo, near Lisbon, William, youngest and only surviving son of the late Edward Medlicott, Esq., of that city.

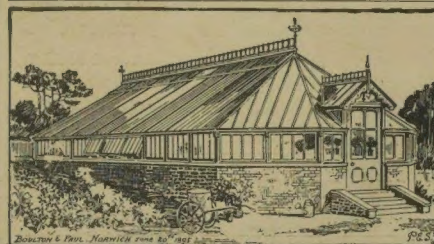
LYCEUM.—As owing to a sprain Henry Irving will be unable to play for a short time, the Lyceum will be closed till after Christmas. Due notice will be given of the resumption of RICHARD III.

CYMBELINE will be played from Dec. 26 till Jan. 2 inclusive, with MATINEES on Saturdays and Wednesdays. Imogen, Miss Julia Arthur; Posthumus, Mr. Frank Cooper; Iachimo, Mr. Cooper Cliffe; Queen, Miss Genevieve Ward.—Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 6. Seats also booked by Letter or Telegram.—LYCEUM.

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